LE BEAU MONDE,

OR,

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JULY, 1807.

NON PRÆTER SOLITUM LEVES.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.
2. Beautifully coloured Costumes for Ladies and Gentlemen.
3. An *Original Piece* of Music; the Words by a celebrated Poet, and the Music by Corri, the Author of the *Travellers*.

CONTENTS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester 467

HISTORY

Of the Hindu Nation *(concluded)*.....468

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

On the Poetic of Aristotle *(concluded)*.... 473
Passage of Mount Cenis 476
The Trifler; or, an Essay on Ancient and Modern Times 480
Fitzwalter, or the Sophistry of the Passions *(continued)*..... 483
Observations on the Onrang-Outang and Chimpanzee of the Moderns; the Satyrs and Pigmies of the Ancients 485

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Retrospect of Literature from the Commencement of the present Century *(concluded)* 489

ORIGINAL POETRY.

L'Œil et L'Oreille 497
The Doctor and Lady..... *ibid.*
Lines sent to a Friend with a Seal, on which was engraven the word "*Remember*" 498
To a Gentleman with a Ring ..... *ibid.*

FINE ARTS.

Thirty-ninth Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Somerset House, May 4, 1807.. 499

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MAY.

Drury-Lane Theatre..... 503
Covent-Garden Theatre.....506

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1807.

Foreign Transactions 512
Domestic Transactions 513
Parliamentary Intelligence.....514

MONTHLY MISCELLANIES.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths 515

LE BEAU MONDE.

Description of Fashions for July 516
General Observations on Gentlemen's Dresses *ib.*
His Majesty's Birth Day 517
SPORTING VARIETIES 518

Printed and published by and for J. B. BELL and Co. No. 11, Catherine-Street, Strand.

TO THE PUBLIC, OUR READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Proprietors of this Work feel that some apology is due to the Public, for having extended the Numbers of their First Volume beyond what is usual in Publications of this nature. The length and importance of several of the articles which occupied the pages of their preceding Numbers, induced them to introduce a Ninth Number into their First Volume, in order to conclude the subjects which remained unfinished in the Number for June, which, according to their plan should have terminated the Volume. For the future, care will be taken to prevent any infringement on the accustomed periods of closing these Volumes.

The Supplement which is published with this Number of the Magazine, has to boast of a most beautiful Frontispiece, engraved in a style of very superior excellence by that distinguished artist Scriven, after an original design by that celebrated master Davis. The Proprietors can with confidence affirm, that no Magazine, hitherto published, has ever yet been enriched with so splendid and masterly an embellishment. This has been done at a considerable sacrifice as to expence, in order to convince those Subscribers who honour them with their patronage, and the Public at large, that they are determined to verify their promises; and they beg leave to assure their Subscribers and the Public, that for the future they shall continue unremitting in their efforts to give satisfaction to their Readers, and no expence will be spared to render this Work pre-eminently deserving of the patronage of an enlightened and polished Public.

The Subscribers are requested to observe, that Orders for this Half-Yearly Supplementary Number should be given to their Booksellers or Newsmen, and with as little delay as possible, in order to ensure the best Impressions.

Accessions of literary strength have likewise been made to the Magazine, too important to be passed over without communication. The Proprietors do not feel themselves at liberty to disclose names, or they could mention some of the most exalted Literary Characters of the present age, who have approved so highly of their work, that they have pledged themselves to become constant Correspondents, and have promised their powerful aid and co-operation in each succeeding Number of this Magazine.

A pleasing piece of Original Music is added to this Number of the Magazine, and as the Proprietors promised, in a former Number, to increase the attractions of their Work by adding Embellishments, and by augmenting the number of their Pages appropriated to Literature, according to the Patronage the Magazine might have; they, therefore, presume to offer this Number as a proof of the sincerity of their promises, and of their determination to continue still to add to its merits, in proportion as the Magazine increases in sale. A piece of original Music will for the future be given in this Magazine, which will be composed expressly for this Work, both by English and Foreign Masters: the Music will be diversified and calculated for various instruments.

Many applications having been made to the Proprietors of this Magazine for Proof Impressions of the Portraits that form a part of this costly Work, the Proprietors beg leave to inform the Nobility, Gentry, the Public, and the Amateurs of the Fine Arts, that any of the Proof Impressions, of the Portraits, may be had at the Office, in Sets at 3s. each, or separately at 4s. 6d. each.

The ingenious Artist who has favoured us with some drawings has our best thanks; and we shall always be happy to receive similar designs from the same Correspondent.

We are greatly obliged to our Correspondent *Mr. Mason* for his favours, and shall give them an early insertion.

Verses from a Correspondent who signs himself *Roc- - -* are inadmissable.

La Fleur's story is under consideration.

Leander's Verses stand in need of correction.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of many other valuable communications, which we shall take an early opportunity of enriching our pages with.

Our Correspondents are again requested to favor us with their Communications, on or before the 10th of each month, addressed to J. B. Bell and Co. at the Office of *Le Beau Monde*, or *Literary and Fashionable Magazine*, No. 11, Catherine-street, Strand, London.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE of GLOUCESTER,

Engraved by special permission for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazine

Published by J. B. Bell & Co. 11. Catherine Street Strand London July 1st 1807.

THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JULY, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Ninth Number.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

THIS gallant young Prince who is the only son of his Royal Highness the late DUKE of GLOUCESTER, was born at Rome, January 15, 1776. Of his royal descent it is unnecessary for us to speak; on the mother's side, he is third in descent from one of the most celebrated ministers that England ever produced, Sir Robert Walpole. Contrary to the practice which prevailed with the other junior branches of the Royal Family, his Highness received the whole of his education in England, and remained some time at Trinity College, Cambridge, under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Mansell.

Having finished his studies, his Highness made choice of the military profession, and received a commission in the army, but was not employed in actual service, until the expedition to Holland in the autumn of the year 1799. At this period he held the rank of Major General, and commanded one of the brigades of the British army. His Highness particularly distinguished himself in the defence of the post of Winckel, at the head of the 35th regiment, and, though attacked by a very superior force, did not retire until his party was nearly surrounded. For this service his Highness received the particular thanks of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief. Indeed, during the whole of this disastrous campaign, the gallantry and military skill displayed by his Highness procured him the applause of the whole army: his conduct excited the admiration of the enemy, particularly some French officers of distinction, who mentioned him with much respect and praise, as a general that would one day do honour to the British nation, if the early proofs which he then gave of his courage and military talents were to be relied on as prognostics of his future eminence in the art of war.

On the return of the expedition to England, his Highness was invested with the military command of the northern district, and greatly endeared himself to the inhabitants by the affability and condescension of his manners. He has subsequently had the command of the troops stationed in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, and been equally happy in conciliating the regard and admiration of every class of society.

During the late peace his Highness paid a visit to the continent, and after a short stay

at the northern courts, proceeded to make the tour of Germany. When at Berlin intelligence was received that hostilities were renewed between Great Britain and France, and that a strong French army was marching to take possession of the Electorate of Hanover. His Highness, in whose breast the calls of honour were superior to every other consideration, immediately quitted Berlin, and offered his services as a volunteer to the regency of Hanover. The progress of the French arms, and the impossibility of opposing them with effect, prevented this offer from being accepted, and, we believe, it was not without some difficulty and hazard that his Highness made his escape on board an English frigate.

Since this period his Highness has been entrusted with the command of different military districts, and has uniformly made himself popular in every quarter where he has been stationed.

On the death of his Royal Father, in August, 1805, his Highness succeeded to the titles of DUKE of GLOUCESTER and EDINBURGH in Great Britain, and EARL of CONNAUGHT in Ireland; and Parliament, shortly afterwards, settled a revenue of eighteen thousand a year upon him.

Since he has taken his seat in the House of Peers, his Highness has oftener than once stepped forward in the character of a public speaker. When the question of the abolition of the slave trade was before the Lords, his Highness, in an eloquent speech, supported that great measure of humanity and justice; and he further proved himself the friend of the oppressed Africans, by taking the chair at a meeting lately held at the Free Mason's Tavern, for the purpose of considering the best means of civilizing the interior of Africa. And it must be mentioned to his Highness's praise, that there are few benevolent institutions in the metropolis, of which he is not an active supporter, or to which he does not liberally contribute. In this respect, his Highness may be said to inherit all the benevolent feelings of his illustrious father, and, like him, to use the language of the poet,

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Nothing could be more exemplary than the filial affection with which this amiable and excellent Prince soothed the last moments of his Royal Parent, and despising the frigid rules of court etiquette, paid the last sad honours of the tomb to the venerated remains of his father. His Highness's behaviour on that solemn occasion will be remembered to his honour long after he shall cease to exist among us; and it is thus that the great and the good may be said to exist, not for present times only, but for posterity; and if in Roman times Titus deserved a column for his clemency, and Antonius for his piety, the DUKE of GLOUCESTER will merit a monument for his filial affection.

HISTORY.

OF THE HINDU NATION.

(Concluded from page 415.)

THE ancient history of Hindustan is so involved in the fables of poets, and the marvellous and incredible relations of Hindu theologists, that little of genuine history is to be drawn from Sanscrit sources, nor can that little be safely received, unless it is corroborated by other authorities. The Puranas contain a long list of kings, children of the sun and moon, who ruled in Hindustan through an immense series of ages, and here and there a name appears, or a transaction is recorded, in which a similitude may be traced between certain personages and events described in holy writ, or handed down to us by the classical historians. But these are

few, and for the most part they present us with nothing more than barren names, and incredible relations, such as may be expected of a people who carry back the antiquity of their nation for a period, according to the most moderate computation, of upwards of four million, three hundred and twenty thousand years*.

From the most remote antiquity the government of India has been monarchical, but not, strictly speaking, despotical. The sovereign, as the supreme civil head of the state, could neither injure the persons, nor touch the property of his subjects without the sanction of written laws. The ancient Hindu kings were the chief magistrates, and leading warriors of their states; but whether in war or peace their conduct was to be regulated according to the maxims of revealed law, and, in all cases of difficulty, they were directed to call learned Brahmens to their councils, and to be assisted by their judgment. A very slight inspection of the code of Menu will be sufficient to shew that much was not left to the discretion of the monarch, and that discretion was tempered in its severity by the mild character and blameless morals of the people, and the benevolent spirit of the religious institutions of the country. The king was bound in the exercise of his high functions by certain laws believed to be of divine origin, which he had no power either to abrogate or dispense with; and his subjects paid a cheerful obedience to a government, which they were taught to believe was of heavenly ordination, and could not be resisted without the most flagrant impiety. A system so thoroughly believed to have its foundation in divine authority, was calculated at once to restrain the arm of power from acts of injustice and oppression, and to induce in the governed habits of submission and respect. Such a system was well devised to correct the tyranny of the monarch, and to repress the turbulence of the people. But, if it guarded against the dangers and abuses of absolute power, and afforded the multitude the advantages of a fixed and unchangeable body of laws, advantages which can scarcely be estimated too highly, it must be admitted, at the same time, that it was unfavourable to some of the most noble, generous, and enterprising qualities of the human mind; to patriotism, to the love of freedom, and laudable ambition which every one feels, who is born in happier states, to distinguish himself among his fellow men. We may pity or despise a people deficient in these qualities, great and illustrious as we esteem them; but it is not too much to affirm, that to the want of them the Hindus owe much of their happiness, and are indebted to that deficiency for the long continuance of their system of religion and government.

The riches of India, which have been celebrated in all ages of the world, have at different periods exposed that country to the ravages of foreign conquerors. In 1022 Mahmood I. a Patan or Afgan prince of the Ghiznevide race, carried his desolating arms into India for the tenth time, and took the pagoda of Sumnaut, in Guzzerat, after an obstinate resistance. Then, surrounded by his nobles and principal attendants, he penetrated into the sanctuary of the temple, where stood an idol of stone, five yards in height, two of which were sunk in the ground. The conqueror enraged at the sight of this object of idolatrous worship, in the true spirit of fanaticism, smote it with his mace, and disfigured the face of the image. He then ordered it to be broken in pieces, and fragments of it to be sent, in memorial of his triumph over the superstition of the Hindus, to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and to Ghizni, the capital of his dominions. His soldiers were about to execute his commands, when a crowd of Brahmens besought his attendants to interpose in their favour, and offered a ransom of some croires of gold for the preservation of the sacred image. The emirs endeavoured to persuade the conqueror to accept the money; they represented that the demolition of the image could not remove idolatry from the walls of Sumnaut; but that such a sum of money distributed among the true believers, would be a very meritorious action. The king acknowledged that what they had said was in some measure true, but declared, that if he could consent to the ransom, he might justly be called a seller of idols, and that he looked upon the title of breaker of them as a more honourable distinction; he therefore ordered his soldiers to proceed in the work of destruction. A few blows quickly discovered that the anxiety of the Brahmens for the preservation of Sumnaut had not proceeded from disinterested zeal alone, for the image was found to be hollow, and contained diamonds, rubies, and pearls, to a much greater value than the amount of what the Brahmens had offered for its ransom†.

This furious but skilful leader, in the course of two years filled up the measure of the calamities of India. Having routed the allied army

* Sir William Jones, Vol. I. p. 244. "Discourse on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India."

† Dow's History of Hindustan, Vol. I. p. 75.

of the Hindu potentates on the plains of Delhi, he ravaged the provinces of Oude and Allahabad, and finally stormed the ancient city of Benares, giving up to the unbridled rage and foul atrocities of a brutal and licentious soldiery, that chosen seat of literature and science, the fair abode of art and elegance, and the hallowed sanctuary of a virtuous and venerable priesthood.

After a reign of thirty-two years over the most potent provinces of the East, Mahmood was assassinated by his subjects. On his death the Eastern provinces of the empire were seized by one of his Generals, named Cuttub, who declared himself king of Hindustan, and removed the seat of government from Lahore to Delhi. His successor Altmush subdued nearly all the kingdoms and principalities in northern Hindustan; and his empire extended from the mountains of Thibet to that part of the Deccan which lies in the latitude of 20 degrees north, and from the Ganges to the Indus. He appears to have been a spirited and judicious prince, who had the discernment to discover as well as the resolution to restrain the folly of inordinate ambition, and who was lenient from policy, if not from principle. Tolerant in his religious opinions, his victories over the Hindus were not tarnished by any acts of cruelty, nor was his reign disgraced by that systematical persecution of the Brahmenical religion, which had hitherto stained the Mahometan name. He appointed governors to the different provinces of his dominions, and established strict and wholesome regulations for the guidance of their conduct, though their avarice often prompted, and their power enabled them to violate these laws. The Hindus, therefore, instead of deriving benefit from the remedial edicts of the emperor, were only treated by their inhuman masters with harsher rigor, in order the more effectually to stifle their complaints. But the mild and timid natives of Bengal submitted in silent sorrow to the yoke of their oppressors, and while they were unmolested in the exercises of their religious rights, and permitted to attend to the cultivation of their lands and the pursuit of their ingenious labours, they endeavoured not to regain their independence. In the western parts, however, during the reign of Altmush, insurrections were very frequent and destructive.

At this period (A. D. 1231) Jenghis Khan had over-run all Asia to the northward of the latitude of 30 degrees from the eastern extremities of China, to the Arabian deserts; but the difficulty he experienced in repressing the turbulent spirit of his Tartar subjects, very probably deterred him from attempting the conquest of Hindustan, which his heroic genius had doubtless contemplated in his vast scheme of universal dominion. He, however, subdued all the countries on the west bank of the Indus, and portioned them out to his Mogul generals, as a reward for the eminent services they had rendered him in the progress of his victorious career.

The annals of Hindustan contain nothing very remarkable till A. D. 1397, when the celebrated conqueror Timur Bec, or Tamerlane, the lineal descendant of Jenghis Khan, and chief of the Moguls, determined to turn his victorious arms against India. He accordingly marched from Samarcand with the flower of his army, and arrived at Jallali, one of the most westerly branches of the Indus, about the latter end of the year 1398. From thence he proceeded down the river to the confluence of the Jimboo and Chinab. Here he met with some resistance, which, however, instead of checking his career, served only to irritate his passions. Being in want of provisions, he gave up the large and populous town of Tulmubini to the plunder of his soldiers, and what was yet more dreadful, when its wretched inhabitants murmured at being stripped of their property, he ordered them to be massacred, without feeling either shame or remorse at so merciless a proceeding.

This scene was only a prelude to the calamitous drama which he was about to act. He thenceforward advanced through the province of Moultan, bearing down, with an irresistible impetuosity, every barrier that opposed his progress; carrying havoc and dismay in his van, and leaving nothing behind him but desolation and misery.

In September Timur crossed the Indus, and in his march made a prodigious number of captives. When he arrived within two leagues of Delhi, he prepared for a pitched battle, and harangued his troops upon the art of fighting, breaking the enemy's ranks, and rallying after a defeat. Fearing lest the prisoners attached to his army should join the people of Delhi, he ordered that every one of his soldiers who had any Indian slaves should instantly put them to death. This ferocious mandate was carried into immediate execution, and in one hour *an hundred thousand human beings were slaughtered*, to the eternal disgrace of the tyrant who could command, and the troops who could perpetrate, so atrocious a massacre.

The day following, while the swords of the Tartars were yet reeking with the blood of the

miserable victims of their savage ferocity, Timur prepared for a general assault. The Delhians, under the command of Eckbal, a valiant leader, sallied out of the town to give him battle, but being unused to the toils of war, they were no match for the hardy Tartars, who repulsed them on every side, and pursued them to the gates of the city.

On the 4th of January, 1399, Timur erected his standard on the walls of Delhi, and the principal inhabitants came to make submission and sue for mercy. He is reported to have promised them protection, on condition of their consenting to pay such contribution as the right of conquest authorized him to demand, and as his army, therefore, expected. But whilst the ransom was collecting, the Tartar officers employed to receive the assessment from the magistrates, not satisfied with the regulated sums which it fell to the lot of a few wealthy inhabitants to pay, declared that they had concealed their property, and violently broke into their houses, which the enraged citizens endeavouring to prevent, put several of the Moguls to death. In consequence of this a serious tumult arose, which soon reaching the ears of Timur, he gave orders for a general massacre, and the inexorable conqueror beheld, with rancorous pleasure, the proud metropolis of a great empire sacked and plundered, its palaces and temples levelled with the ground, and its streets choaked up with the mangled carcases of its butchered inhabitants.

The vindictive fury of Timur, however, was not yet spent. The Musselmen of Delhi were forgiven; but no submission could disarm his enmity against the Hindus. Having heard of the famous cavern of Coupele * and of the adoration paid to it by that pious race, he marched thither without delay, and filled up the measure of his enormities in Hindustan, by impurpling the hallowed stream of the Ganges, with the blood of its superstitious but peaceful votaries.

Happily for the natives of India, this scourge of humanity was soon after recalled to his own dominion, by some alarming disturbances which broke out in the north of Asia. The emperor Mahmood, in whose unhappy reign these calamities happened, returned to his capital, and died in 1413, and with him expired the Patan dinasty which had ruled over Hindustan for upwards of two centuries. The family that immediately succeeded to the throne of Delhi, styled themselves *Seids* or descendants of Mahomet, and professed to hold their authority from the chief of the Moguls; but this dinasty was of short duration, and terminated A. D. 1450.

We shall pass over the subsequent feeble and unhappy reigns, till the period (A. D. 1525) when the Sultan Baber, a lineal descendant of Tamerlane, in consequence of the victory of Panniput, proceeded first to Delhi, and afterwards to Agra, and causing himself to be proclaimed Emperor, laid the foundation of the celebrated Mogul dinasty. This prince was alike distinguished for his abilities and virtues, for his heroism and moderation, for his boundless generosity, and his firm adherence to the principles of justice. His toleration in religion begat the love and reverence of his Hindu subjects, and his liberal zeal for the encouragement of the arts and sciences, together with his other acquirements, obtained him the applause of all the polished nations of Asia. He died, universally regretted by his subjects, after a short reign of five years, and was succeeded by his son Humaioon. This prince possessed all the virtuous qualities, and much of the military talents of his father; but his younger brothers raising a rebellion against him, notwithstanding his generous offer to divide his empire with them, he was compelled to abandon his dominions, and retired to Persia, attended by a few generals who remained faithful to his fortunes. His brothers did not long enjoy their unprincipled usurpation. Quarrelling with each other, they exposed themselves to the hostility of Shere, an Afghan chief, who soon deprived them of all that their turpitude and perfidy had acquired, and mounted the imperial throne in 1542. The Afghan died in the space of three years, and left his crown to his son Selim, who proving a weak prince, Humaioon, who had found means, through the friendship of the king of Persia, to raise a considerable army, marched into Hindustan in 1554, and the same year regained his crown by a decisive victory over the Afghans and Patans, at Sirhind, where his son Akber, who had not yet attained his thirteenth year, displayed the dawn of that luminous genius, which, in its meridian, was to diffuse happiness and glory throughout his vast dominions. Humaioon survived his return to his dominions but two years, when Akber succeeded to the throne. This prince may justly rank with the

* The rocks of Coupele, which are situated at the foot of Mount Kimmaleh, in western Thibet, form a cavern worshipped by the Hindus, on account of the Ganges disemboguing itself through it, and because superstition has pictured it to their fancy in the shape of a cows mouth, which animal is held by the Hindus in peculiar veneration.

most illustrious sovereigns that ever reigned. He completely reduced under the imperial standard all the provinces of Hindustan from the Indus to the Ganges, and he penetrated into the Deccan as far as the Mussulman kingdom of Ahmednagur, whose king was compelled to acknowledge his supremacy and to pay him an annual tribute. But Akber conquered not less for the benefit of the vanquished, than for his own aggrandizement. Under his mild and equitable government, which lasted fifty years, agriculture flourished, commerce revived, civil arts prospered, literature advanced, and the people enjoyed in security that wealth and those comforts of which they had so long been deprived.

On the death of this illustrious prince which happened in 1605, he was succeeded by his son Jehanguire, a tyrannical and avaritious monarch, who oppressed his people to enrich himself at their expence. In the year 1658, a civil war broke out between Jehanquire and his son, and terminated in the elevation of Aurengzebe to the imperial throne. This prince raised the Mogul empire to the highest pitch of splendour. His authority extended from the 10th to the 35th degree of latitude, and nearly as much in longitude, containing at least sixty-four millions of inhabitants: and his revenue exceeded thirty two millions of pounds sterling, in a country where the products of the earth are at least four times as cheap as in England. He died in 1707; but the feeble princes who succeeded, being unable to wield so weighty a sceptre, his vast empire in the course of fifty years was reduced to a shadow.

The feelings of Aurengzebe, in the awful hour of dissolution, are thus described by major Rennel *. "Two letters written by Aurengzebe, to two of his sons, a few days before his death, furnish this striking lesson to frail mortality; that, however men may forget themselves, during the tide of prosperity, a day of recollection will come sooner or later. Here we are presented with the dying confession of an aged monarch, who made his way to the throne by the murder of his brethren, and the imprisonment of his father, and who, after being in possession of it, persecuted the most inoffensive part of his subjects, either through bigotry or hypocrisy; here we behold him in the act of resigning that, to obtain possession of which, he incurred his guilt, and presented to us a mere sinful man, trembling on the verge of eternity, equally deploring the past, and dreading the future. How awful must his situation appear to him, when he says, *wherever I look I see nothing but the Divinity.*"

Aurengzebe left four sons; and on the ruin of them, Feroskeere, a nephew of Jehaunder, the eldest of them, obtained the throne. In his reign, the English East India Company received the famous phirmaund or grant, regarded as the Company's commercial charter in India, while they stood in need of the protection of the princes of that country.

In the reign of Mahomet Shah, Nadir Shah, better known perhaps by the name of Kouli Khan, invaded Hindustan with a vast army, and made himself master of Delhi. At first he proceeded with lenity, but an attempt having been made to assassinate him, he was incensed to such a degree that he ordered a general slaughter to take place, and delivered the city to the mercy, or rather the indiscriminate fury of the soldiery, who practised every species of outrage which licensed barbarity could invent. In about seven hours a hundred and twenty thousand of the citizens were thus massacred. Several of them, jealous of their honour, first killed their women and afterwards themselves. One of these unfortunate creatures, seeing the soldiers near his house, inclosed about twenty women of his family, and burnt them to death, expecting every minute that he should be next visited by some of the troops. By chance, however, they missed his house; in frantic despair he went and brought some of them back, with the assurance of plunder; but they left the owner still alive: when dissapointed a second time of finding death at their hands, he dispatched himself.

After the perpetration of these cruelties Nadir Shah returned into Persia. The loss sustained by the emperor and the people, in jewels, treasures, goods, ravages of the field, and the destruction of buildings, amounted to nearly one arrib of rupees, or a hundred and twenty five millions sterling. Of this Nadir Shah and his soldiers carried away much more than one half. The inhabitants of the empire killed from the time of the Shah's arrival in Hindustan, till his return to Lahore, amounted to the number of two hundred thousand. Mahomet Shah died in 1748, and with him the Mogul empire may be said to have expired.

* Introduction to his Memoir of a Map of Hindustan, p. lxiii. note.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE POETIC OF ARISTOTLE.

(Concluded from page 257.)

HAVING in our fifth number concluded our observations upon Aristotle's definition of tragedy, we now proceed to the conclusion of our subject, by noticing some of the principal rules which the Stagyrite has laid down for the judicious direction of what he has so ably defined.

The unity of a subject, says he, consists, not in the unity of the hero, but in the unity of the action: For it is not the imitation of the life of a man, but of a single action in that life. It is necessary too that the parts should be in such a manner connected together, that the transposition or retrenchment of one should render the aggregate no longer a whole, or at least no longer the same whole. For that which may be or may not be in a whole without any apparent difference, is not in fact a part of that whole.

This is, perhaps, the most complete, just, and accurate idea which can be formed of the composition of a drama; this is the death-warrant of all those strange episodes, of all those lightly-joined morsels which are so frequently tacked to plays when the main subject does not furnish matter enough.

Aristotle resumes: The object of the poet is to treat the truth not as it actually did happen, but as it might have happened, and to treat the possible according to the rules of the probable. Hence the celebrated verse of Boileau:

Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable.

The essential difference which Aristotle points out between the poet and the historian is not, that one speaks in verse and the other in prose: for the writings of Herodotus if they were versified would still be no more than a history; but they differ in this: that one relates what *has* been done, the other what *may* or *ought to* have been done. Thence it happens that poetry is more philosophic and instructive than history. The latter paints only individuals; but the former paints human nature.

Perhaps, however, this distinction should not be taken in so decisive a manner; for it can scarcely happen that the personages of history shall be well painted and not afford some knowledge of human nature in general. But, this passage serves to show that the ancients considered poetry in a point of view by far more serious and imposing than we do now a days: and it is for the purpose of illustrating this difference of estimate that we have quoted this part of the passage.

Aristotle makes a distinction between the tragedy that is founded on history, and that which is purely invented; and he speaks with approbation of both: but we have now no Greek tragedies of the latter kind. What he blames most formally, is the episodic kind of tragedy. I mean, says he, by episodic pieces, those of which the parts are not connected either necessarily or probably; which happens to indifferent poets by their own fault, and to good ones by the fault of the actors. For in order to give these gentlemen parts which please them, they extend a plot beyond its natural reach; the bonds burst, and the continuity no longer exists.

It is plain that our day has not given the first rise to that complaint which we now perpetually hear of the inevitable tyranny which is exercised upon an artist by those who are the necessary and only instruments of his art.

Of the succession and chain of events which ought to spring from each other, he speaks with the strongest reason. The fact is, he observes, that every thing which appears to have a design produces more effect than that which appears the result of mere chance. When in Argos, the statue of Mytis fell on the person who had killed that same Mytis, and crushed him while he was contemplating it; this incident produced a strong impression on the minds of the bystanders, because it appeared to be attended with a design.—Perhaps it is impossible to find an instance more ingeniously contrived to strike and to convince.

He distinguishes simple from complex pieces. By the former epithet we are to understand those in which the *dramatis personæ* are acquainted with one another: by the second, those in which a recognition takes place. He here points out another difference, between

pieces of which the action is continued, and pieces in which there is a change of fortune, or revolution in the situation of the principal characters. But as it is not easy to conceive how a play can possess any interest without a revolution of some kind, perhaps it will not be necessary to admit this distinction at all. He justly points out recognitions and revolutions of fortune as two great means for the excitation of pity or terror. He cites, as models of this effect, the situation of Iphigenia recognising her brother at the very moment when she is preparing to sacrifice him, and that of Merope who is about to kill her own son under the impression that she is going to avenge him.

To these two means of exciting an interest, which are derived from the nature of the action itself, Aristotle adds a third; namely, the spectacle, that is to say, all that strikes the eyes, as murders, daggers, battles, the paraphernalia of scenery, &c. &c.; but he very judiciously remarks that this method of raising an interest is very inferior to both the others, and demands much less poetical talent. For a plot, says he, should be composed in such a manner, that emotion should be excited even if the ear alone were the judge, as is the case in the Œdipus of Sophocles. But those who present us with what is horrible and disgusting, instead of what is terrible and touching, are no longer to be considered of this class. For tragedy is not meant to excite all sorts of emotions, but only those which are within its own peculiar province.

This observation, it is to be supposed, Aristotle must have designed to have a very narrow and confined interpretation; for in another part of his treatise, on which we have had occasion before to animadvert, he has said: Things which in their reality we view *with pain*, are beheld by us *with pleasure*, through the medium of representation, the most accurately executed: such as the figures of the fiercest beasts, and of dead bodies. By the horrible and disgusting he can only intend, if he be consistent with himself, to express the indecorous and the vulgar; every other object is surely, upon the grounds which are assigned in the first article of this analysis, most completely allowable in poetry, and particularly in dramatic poetry, of which the object is to excite emotion, and to which those instruments appear most fitly adapted that produce the desired effect in the strongest manner.

There is a rule that he presently lays down, in which we cannot by any means agree. Do not, says he, present to an audience virtuous characters who from happiness sink into misery; for that would be neither touching nor terrible, but odious. This rule is falsified by a great number of examples: examples not indeed all selected from plays that are built on the most classical models, but certainly all of them notoriously effective in exciting the strongest and acutest feeling. In Phædra, Hippolitus is virtuous, and his death excites pity; but it does not revolt us. Hamlet is a character for whom the audience are highly interested: his filial virtue has obtained their affection, and his powerful understanding their admiration:—Hamlet is killed, and the audience, though they are grieved, are not disgusted. There is another personage who, though he is the hero of a very indifferent play, may be quoted as the hero of a very powerful interest; namely, the Rolla of Kotzebue: Rolla is romantically virtuous; but his death does not excite horror. We might enumerate a hundred other instances; but one or two exceptions are, in our opinion, sufficient completely to controvert the rule.

The converse, however, of this proposition it will be impossible to dispute against our critic. Wicked persons, says he, who become happy, produce an effect by no means tragic. This is the great fault of the French tragedy of Atreus: that monster, at the conclusion of the play, exults with a barbarous joy in the miserable situation to which he has reduced the unhappy Thyestes, and finishes by this verse:

"*Et je jouis enfin du fruit de mes forfaits.*"

"And at last I enjoy the fruit of my crimes."

Never can an audience feel pleasure in carrying away such an impression with them. If, indeed, pursues Aristotle, a man of a very wicked character having been happy becomes unhappy; this may be extremely right in the way of example, but it excites neither pity nor terror: for pity springs from the sight of unmerited misfortunes; terror from the sight of misfortunes which are incident to ourselves, and such we never consider the misfortunes of the wicked. This observation, which is exceedingly just, is no reason that it is not very right to punish the wicked in a play; but Aristotle means only that this is not the cause which produces terror and pity, and that these emotions must be sought from some other source. He is perfectly right: for when the rogue, the oppressor, and the tyrant, are punished on the stage, it is not their chastisement which produces terror or pity: the one as well as the other is the result of the danger or calamity

which threatens or seizes the personages on whom the interest reposes; and as the punishment of the offender is the means by which they are delivered from this danger or calamity, it is in the extrication effected by this punishment that the dramatic emotion is produced: Thus in the play of Iphigenia, which we were just now mentioning, the tragic effect is not produced by the circumstance of Thoas being strangled by Pylades, who suddenly and unexpectedly arrives; but the death of Thoas delivers Orestes and Iphigenia, who are the objects of the interest, and this is what gratifies the spectator.

Aristotle goes on: There is a middle course to be taken, in the delineation of characters neither absolutely virtuous, nor absolutely wicked, characters which may fall into misfortune not by a crime, or heinous act, but by some one of those faults and errors natural to human nature which precipitates a man from the height of grandeur and prosperity.

It should always be remembered that Aristotle was speaking only of personages who are meant to excite interest, and the remarks that he has made on what are called *mixed characters* have certainly thrown a broad light on dramatic knowledge, and, indeed, on imitative poetry in general. In fact it has been perceived that nothing was more interesting nor more natural to the human mind than this mixture. It is in this point of view that the character of Achilles appears so dramatic in Iliad. Nothing more clearly displays, at least as far as authority can be considered as proof, the error and injustice of those who made it a point of morality to forbid that a dramatic interest be excited by any but irreproachable morals, and who judge of a tragedy as they would of an individual's character. When a person, under the influence of a strong passion, does a glorious action from motives which belong to the very passion by which he is actuated, this, they say, would be more beautiful if the action were performed from pure motives. This is indeed a great mistake. It would be beautiful in point of morality, but very clumsy on the stage. The audience would feel in that case only a cold admiration, whereas a person actuated by passion, even in what he does which is praiseworthy, touches our feelings, and drags our affections along with him.

To all these sources of the pathetic we must add one the most abundant of all, which Aristotle does not mention because the Greeks have drawn from it but once: and this is unfortunate love; that passion from which the moderns have derived so many interesting fables and incidents, and which the ancients have never employed in tragedy, except in the instance of Phædra, whose adventure was one of the most celebrated events that ever occurred in Greece. This single difference between the Grecian theatre and ours, would be sufficient to render the art much richer and more extensive in its reputation among us than by any possibility it could have been among the ancients. What a treasure to the dramatic art is a passion to which we owe Romeo and Juliet, Theodosius, Venice Preserved, and many other tragedies still sacred for this particular merit which makes amends for the want of so many others, and wipes away so many faults—the merit of drawing forth the sweetest tears.

As to the *dénoûment*, Aristotle prefers those pieces in which the revolution of fortune is from happiness to misery. When treating of this revolution, he says of Euripides: It is very unjust to blame Euripides because the majority of his pieces end unhappily. This is a necessity inherent in the principles of the art; of which the strongest proof is that, taking other circumstances as equal, the plays which are constructed on this plan appear more tragic than the others. Thus Euripides, though he is not always skilful in the management of his plots, is considered as the most tragic of poets.

Let us not here forget what has been observed above, that in point of taste it is not necessary that all the principles should be *absolutely true*, but merely that they should be of *reasonable truth*; that is to say, applicable on a great number of occasions. Such is the principle of Aristotle as to *dénoûments*: it is, generally speaking, true. The three pieces to which we have just alluded are a proof of it; they are all in the predicament that Aristotle speaks of, and all are most interesting plays. However there are other *dénoûments* of a description totally opposite, which also produce a great effect: such are those which suddenly extricate from great danger the persons of whose happiness the spectator is extremely desirous, and bring this revolution about by natural and unexpected means.

He treats much more briefly on manners and characters, because this part of the art is less complicated. He prescribes, as have all the literary lawgivers since his time, that a character should continue to be at the conclusion of the play the same as it was at the beginning. This precept is general for every species of dramatic composition, and perhaps it has never been more strikingly exemplified than in a

French comedy otherwise very indifferent, the *Irrésolu of Destouches.* This wavering man having oscillated during the whole piece between two women whom he has a mind to marry, decides at last, for the play must have a conclusion; but scarcely is he married when he utters to himself as he leaves the stage, this verse which finishes the comedy:

" *J'aurais mieux fait, je crois, d'épouser Cé-*
" *limene.*"

" I should have done better, I believe, to have
" married Celimene."

On this head, perhaps, there cannot be a lesson addressed to poets more useful and more worthy of constant consideration than this, which appears to contain all the instruction necessary upon the subject. In painting the manners and the characters, says Aristotle, as well as in the composition of the fable, the poet should always have before his eyes what is probable and necessary in the moral order, and should be perpetually saying to himself: Is it probable that such a character would act or speak in such a manner?

We must not wonder that this precept is so often violated; because, in order to carry it into practice, it is necessary to possess a most powerful reason, which is hardly more common than a brilliant imagination, and both are necessary to the composition of a good tragedy. What next follows is rather remarkable: the public are become very fastidious; for as there have already been poets who excelled each in a particular walk, it is expected now a days, that each poet possess in himself alone the qualifications of all the others put together. So said Aristotle two thousand years ago: What would he say now?

He has spoken of style like a grammarian who talked to Greeks of their own language, and has referred the reader to his rhetoric for the question of *the thoughts*, because as to this point the rules are the same in prose and in verse. As to *the song*, the last part of dramatic imitation among the ancients, the disquisition of our great critic has been lost, and, if we had it, it could only serve to give us some notions about their music, which might be, indeed, new, but which could not be congenial to our tragedy. We will, therefore, confine ourselves to a few words on his general advice as to diction. He wishes it to be elevated above the vulgar language, that is to say, adorned with metaphors and figures, but, at the same time, perfectly clear, or, as the school-boys call it, *easy.* " The too frequent use of figures," says he, " makes a composition enigmatical, and a " great quantity of words borrowed from other " languages becomes barbarism." He recommends the poet, therefore, to be very sparing in these articles. " It is a great talent," says he, " to possess a proper application of the meta- " phor; it is the production of a happy genius, " the work of a mind which perceives, at one " view, the bearings and relations of different " things."

All that relates to Epic poetry he has included in two chapters, because many general principles are common to it with tragedy. We will reserve our examination of Aristotle's remarks on Epic poetry till we come to treat (which we shall do in a subsequent number) of Epic poetry separately considered.

The last of the twenty-five chapters which remain to us of Aristotle's poetic, turns on one of those idle questions, which, it seems, the Greeks were fond of agitating, as well as our trifling schoolmen. This question is, whether Tragedy or Epic poetry be superior? What does it signify, provided both are good? To be sure, the discussion is not very long. He states the principal arguments on both sides, and determines in favour of tragedy. That determination appears to coincide with the general opinion; and truly, if that species of imitation be greatest which it is most difficult to execute, and which, when executed, affords the highest pleasure to those who contemplate it, tragedy does appear to be the most exalted of human compositions.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

PASSAGE OF MOUNT CENIS.

SIR, *Turin, November*, 1806.

YOU have done me the honour to write, that, following me in imagination to the foot of the Alps, you have prayed for the happy issue of a journey undertaken at a season of the year so little favourable to travellers: I reply to your kind attention by a detailed account of my passage over Mount Cenis. I know not how chance delights to strew singular events in my way; but you may find that this short journey

can furnish subject matter sufficiently remarkable.

Independent of the interest I take in making you acquainted with this new route, which is forming to attach the country you inhabit nearer to France, I experience a real pleasure in telling you that this journey, formerly so dangerous, is become an extremely agreeable promenade; we find there accommodations which are embellished with views of an original beauty, and we rejoice to see the barriers disappear, which nature had erected between the two nations.

On the evening fixed for my departure, I took my seat in the diligence, which contained only one passenger. He was a young man of about twenty-two years of age, and tolerably well made. His figure prepossessed me in his favour, but he had not spoken a single word when we arrived at Suze. As we had to change horses there, we alighted for a moment at the Inn. I perceived that my companion was always melancholy and thoughtful, and I resolved to ask him, what his thoughts dwelt upon during the whole day. "I think," answered he, "that our lives unrol like a ribbon, and that the days past are like so many morsels cut off, which cannot be rejoined to the piece."

This specimen of his conversation appeared to me as singular as his silence. But it was accounted for when I learnt that my young man was in love, that he regretted the days when he was separated from his mistress; and that he was the eldest son of a ribbon merchant of St. Etienne, who had sent him to Italy on the concerns of the house.

My ribbon merchant did not want wit; he shook off his dulness by degrees, and seemed desirous to make up for the time he had lost. Led on by the pleasures of conversation, we ventured to set out on foot before the *voiture*, and by that means lost it for the rest of the day. We were unacquainted with the new route, and went out of the way without remarking it, while the *voiture* got further from us by turning aside to Novalése, being obliged to follow the old road, on account of relays of horses. A muleteer informed us of our mistake; and in returning I had an opportunity of observing the different nature of the two roads. The new rises from Suze on the ridge of little hills which unite the plains with the Alps; the length of the way renders the acclivity less striking. The old road leads the traveller along the narrow passages, in order to oblige him to climb the mountain in all the ruggedness of its difficult ascent.

The day visibly declined, it became cold, and we walked at a great pace on a very rough road. Passing by a place where formerly Fort Brunetta stood, we could not help meditating on the destiny of things of this world. "All things change," said he, "even from men to mountains. These rocks of granite, hewn at a vast expence, to defend the sovereigns of Piedmont from the hostile incursions of the French, thrown down now, form the foundation of the road which assures to the French troops an easy passage into Italy."

We traversed a little hamlet, and entered the first house. Some chesnuts cooked in milk, a little brandy, and a fire made of an odoriferous wood, were the refreshments we found there, and were dispensed with an hospitality worthy of the times of Homer. The mild heat and aromatic smell of the fuel were highly serviceable to us. We left the place full of courage and vigour; but the farther we advanced on the road, the greater distance it seemed to us we had to go. The night was dark, and the moon seemed to tarry behind. One of those illusions, common enough on the Alps, all on a sudden struck my ribbon weaver; he stopped, and pretended to make me see a church on a little hill, about a hundred paces from us. I saw only the rays of the moon, broken by the tops of the trees. "To convince you," cried he, "I see a lamp: Oh! how fine a gothic building! how well do the *sombre* beauties of that architecture accord with those of this silent forest." He advanced a few paces and all disappeared. The lamp, the arched window, and the pile, were nothing more than shadows caused by the reflection of the ice on the mountains, which fell on a grove of chesnut trees.

We arrived at length at Novalése, and there found our guide and his *voiture*. We supped there and became acquainted with two travellers who were to join us the following day.

The one was a Swiss physician who was going to A — to see a young woman of his acquaintance; the other was a *ci-devant* curate of one of the best parishes in Burgundy, who had turned lace merchant on quitting his ministry. The Swiss doctor had the air of a respectable man; he spoke softly and deliberately, and seemed not much given to emotion. He carried in his riding coat a manuscript of an oblong form, tied up in a green cloth, into which he transcribed whatever he found written on the walls or windows, the productions of travellers devoured with the spleen: and his collection had for its title *The Annals of Ennui*.

The following day we set out at an early hour, and before day-break we were already on

the old road which leads to Tourniquet. The ex-curate formed our advanced guard, displaying on his mule all the formality of his ancient state, and amusing himself with singing psalms. Our guides beat the flanks of his beast to keep themselves warm.

We advanced in all the indolence that cold produces, when a frightful accident filled us with grief and alarm. An Austrian prisoner of war, who marched by the side of the road, was thrown down by a sudden gust of wind. He rolled over the precipice upon the rocks, uttering horrible cries which the echoes repeated, and fell at length into a torrent that flowed at the foot of the mountain. We were within a hundred paces of him, and could not afford him assistance.

The winds which blow on the heights of these mountains come with an impetuous shock: they are blasts of air which agitate with a force correspondent to the immensity of the vallies through which they sweep. Our guides were most apprehensive for us on the descent, that being the most dangerous place; but happily the wind was lulled when we came there.

Our company made a stop at Ferrière, a little town of about a hundred huts, built of blackish stone which they find on the old road. The profits which accrue from supplying travellers with refreshments, are the only inducements which have led to a settlement on this barren spot; and it will be deserted as soon as the new road is completed.

You see, sir, that my unlucky star led me in spite of myself to the ancient route; but this circumstance will take nothing from the interest of my letter if it be true, as nobody doubts, that we cannot judge well but by comparison. From this path, which tormented me with its endless windings, I had an admirable opportunity of viewing the new road. If all is danger and fatigue in the old route, in the new all is wonder and miracle. The ascent is so well managed, that it is in no part too steep to be mounted at a full trot. Beacons warn travellers against snow-falls; and rail-ways preserve them from the terrors which the precipices inspire. Gangs of labourers are stationed in the winter to track the snow. I have heard mention of a project of a plantation of trees, to afford a shade during the summer, and of many other embellishments. If all these are carried into execution, the time will come when the road of Mount Cenis will recall to recollection the bridge of the arts at Paris, which strangers admire.

Many people were coming and going on this road; and seeing us on a passage almost forgotten, each one seemed to look upon us with that air of superiority which better fortune naturally inspires. We now reasoned on the good destiny of some, and the evil destiny of other, travellers. Almost opposite to Novalèse, the road traverses the forest of Jaillon. The chesnut trees, and the vine plots, the growth of which are so different, here partake of the same soil, and are entangled together.

After quitting this forest, the road enters a gallery hollowed in the rock, where we could see as clearly as in a room, thanks to the large lateral apertures, shaped like arcades, which enlighten the covered way. This astonishing work has been executed by means of mines, at which they worked for two years.

We were as if overpowered with the sight of so many wonderful things, which presented themselves to our view. We thought no longer of the dangers of Mount Cenis, but of the triumph of art over nature throughout. The young ribbon merchant was persuaded that it would be advantageous to his traffic; but, always distracted in his thoughts, he rejoiced for the approach of the day when he might embrace his mistress. We had already learnt that this *chère-amie* was an embroideress with whom he had made an acquaintance at Lyons, and he had taken care to speak to us so often of her, that we could not help participating in the anxiety which he felt to see her again.

Arrived at Grand Croix, which is the most elevated point of the road, and the half way of the journey, we stopped at the first *cabaret*, which in this savage spot, takes by compariton the title of hotel. We assembled in the kitchen, which is at the same time the eating room and the room for company, and began to prepare coffee, tea, and punch. The Swiss doctor was the last who entered, and he retired to a corner to transcribe into his tablets the contents of a letter which he held in his hand. Our ribbon merchant walked to and fro, burning with desire to know what the doctor was copying. I observed all this, without seeming to attend to what was passing; and I guessed by the change of his countenance, that he had contrived to read the superscription of the letter. He stood immoveable at first, and a deep red succeeded to the paleness that overspread his countenance; I was seized with a fit of curiosity in my turn, and demanded what made him uneasy. I am in despair, replied he, that letter is the last that I wrote to my Dorothea.—For my part, I was as astonished as he to see it in the hands of the physician, but, far from participating in his jealous suspicions, I threw myself between him

and the doctor, just at the moment when he seemed inclined to assail him with violence, and I took the liberty to ask him for an explanation.—"You shall have it, my good friend," said the Swiss, very tranquilly; "read this letter; it is interesting; I picked it up on the snow on alighting from my mule."

Since I have detained you so long with this adventure, I am persuaded, sir, that you cannot be displeased to read this letter, which I preserve as an auxiliary to my narrative, and which is sufficiently original.

Milan, November 10, 1806.

"MADEMOISELLE,

"My cousin Albert has written to me that you are in good health, also your sister Gertrude and Jeannette: but he speaks to me of an affair which has caused me the loss of my peace of mind, and may well determine me to prolong my stay here. The day that he visited you, you had on your table, by the side of your designs for embroidery, a letter not in my hand writing, which contained phrases of gallantry. How, Dorothea, have you been able in the place where you have received the kindnesses of your friend, at the table where you engaged your faith, and near the couch where your Augustus reposed on your bosom, how have you been able in such a place to receive and keep the letter of a man who aspires to steal away your heart from me? Insensible woman! have you forgot that it is your true love that feeds my soul every day? Did the image of your friend never appear before you to reproach you with your perjuries?

"For the last two days I have lived wretched, not knowing what will become of me; and you pass your time in pleasure;—you dance, you run to the theatres—you attend to dinners, to visits, to *billets doux*.—The season of flowers will pass quicker than you think, and the loss of a sincere friend will date the epoch of your unhappiness.

"Your slave,

"*Augustus.*"

While I read this letter, the love-smitten Augustus was endeavouring to account how his letter could have come from Lyons to Mount Cenis, without being entirely satisfied with the doctor, whom he seemed to look at with an air of defiance. Among the passengers whom we met on the road, we had not observed any women; we nevertheless demanded of the girl of the inn, if any female traveller had passed the mountain during the night? There is a young lady, said she, who, finding herself indisposed, has retired to this chamber to rest herself. Our ribbon merchant flew thither with the rapidity of lightning. We followed him, but the lovers had already recognized each other before we entered: Augustus and Dorothea were linked in each others embraces, and expressed their mutual emotions of joy in the liveliest terms.

It would require the bold and striking pencil of Palmieri to give you a just representation of the scene.—The young woman of twenty years of age, her head-dress of lace, clothed in a robe of blue, with an amaranth shawl, excited love and admiration, not more by her beauty, which was almost heavenly, than by the expressions of candour and affection with which her countenance was lighted up. The good young man was intoxicated with his unexpected happiness. The Swiss doctor, at once stupified and overjoyed, wrote from time to time, the singular adventure, and noted down in his *album*, its happy conclusion.

Dorothea possessed those charms which succeed to the freshness of youth: a slight paleness announced that she had a sensible heart. She spoke well, and with grace: but her sufferings had somewhat injured her health. She related to her lover the project she had formed of proceeding to Milan in search of him; and mingled her recital with sighs, with embraces, and inexpressible transports of joy. We contented ourselves with observing her. She was standing then near the window, one hand in that of her friend, her elbow resting on the window, and she alternately lifted her eyes to heaven, and then turned them on her lover, as if grateful to providence for the blessing she had received. There was something so expressive in her silence, that my pen would in vain attempt to describe it.

We quitted at length this place where we had been witness to emotions so lively: the sun was above the horizon, but it was extremely cold. The doctor, who was struck with every thing after a peculiar way, said to me, pointing at Dorothea and her friend, "they without doubt carry a fire within them, for where could they find the heat that nourishes their flame: their love is incompatible with the atmosphere."

We traversed the narrow passage, which is at the summit of the mountain, in sledges, with a truss of hay to cover our feet and legs, and our heads wrapped up like the inhabitants of Norway and Greenland. The two lovers placed themselves in one vehicle. I employed my time in looking at the mountains piled upon mountains: all the country was white with snow, and I could only see the tops of the trees. I distinguished towards the bottom the yews sur-

mounted by the pines, which delight in snow and frost. Nothing is more capable of elevating the soul, than the marks which these scenes preserve of the concussions that have formerly devastated the earth.

Although the new road extends as far as Lanlesbourg, we preferred the ancient mode of making the descent in sledges. It is a method of travelling with an inconceivable velocity: one enjoys the satisfaction of seeing objects fly, as it were, behind: it is an image of that portion of life which is spent in pleasure.

In traversing Savoy, our doctor did not cease to admire the agricultural industry of its inhabitants. He had conceived a very advantageous opinion of this country, and his enthusiasm went so far, that speaking one day of what the reigning house of that name had formerly achieved in Europe, he attributed it to the circumstance that that family had derived its origin from a country where courage and a spirit of order had struck deep roots.

You may gather from hence, sir, how we spent our time on the road. For my part, I was very well satisfied. I had rather, without doubt, have found myself with a society of a more brilliant class; but it would have been difficult to have met with one composed of people more mild and amiable. It is true that the curate, from time to time, gave us sermons sufficiently tiresome: but the doctor never opened his mouth exept to say something sensible and agreeable. In one of those moments when the ribbon merchant, enchanted, by anticipation, with the pleasure of his approaching nuptials, the good doctor said to him; "my good friend, it is not the nuptial day that is the happiest day of marriage, it is that when the united pair acknowledged a perfect equality, when they feel a conformity of tastes and humours, and a mutual desire to please each other; it is then that their hearts are opened to a confidence without bounds, and that they are acquainted with a happiness which is not to be felt but in this holy union."

Arrived at Lyons, I was already far from the companions of my jounrey, but I still take an interest in their future welfare. I say to myself, this young ribbon weaver ceases not to love his fair friend; that the Swiss doctor is arrived in a happy hour at A—, and that the poor lace merchant restored to his former avocation, may find yet in the retreat of the cloister that calm and tranquillity, which he has in vain sought for elsewhere.

In giving you an account, Mr. Editor, of the incidents of my journey, I have thought it right to give you some little description of the places through which I passed, and of the persons whom love or accident made my companions. I would willingly acquit myself of this task in a manner worthy of you; but I cannot flatter myself with possessing the talents of Saussure or Spallanzani to talk to you of those mountains, or the pen of Sterne or Ariosto to paint to you the soul of Dorothea.

Modeste Paroletti.

THE TRIFLER;

OR AN ESSAY ON ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

(Continued from page 426.)

MY stay here has been prolonged considerably beyond the time I had at first proposed to myself by an odd accident that happened to me on the night of my arrival. As I was something fatigued by my journey, I retired early to rest, and soon fell soundly asleep. I had not slept long, however, when I was awakened by a violent struggling and screaming in the passage which led to my chamber. I had scarcely time to wonder what it might be before the door flew open, and something rushed upon my bed, and, at the same time, I heard a whispering of voices in the passage.

Though I am not much troubled by those fashionable tormentors, nerves, yet, being so suddenly roused from sleep, in a strange place, and, as I then thought, in the dead of night, I was, for a moment, rather discomposed; but instantly recollecting myself, I stretched out my hand to discover who, or what this intruder on my repose might be. I had no sooner done so, than I heard a strange growling, and perceived two balls of fire glaring fiercely upon me. As a cat, which I now found this to be, did not seem, in this disposition at least, to be a desirable companion for the night, I attempted

ed to remove it; but it sprang upon me, and fixed its talons in my face. I struggled hard to disengage myself, but the cat seemed as resolutely bent to maintain its hold; nor did I effect my release before it had left, on my face and hands, ample marks of its activity.

Two servants, hearing the contest, now came in. It appeared that my young female friends were studying, experimentally, comparative anatomy, and this cat was intended as a subject for dissection: but the cat having no taste for anatomical pursuits, had attempted to escape, and being closely pursued, to my door, by the two servants, who acted as assistants at the dissection, after a desperate struggle for liberty, in which my door, being carelessly fastened, was burst open, the poor animal sought refuge in my chamber. As none of the family were yet gone to bed, I was soon furnished with a most sovereign cataplasm to allay the heat of my scratches; and my friend Sir Harry, though he expressed concern for my accident, laughingly remarked, that I reminded him of the Knight of La Mancha's encounter with the cats at the castle, who so unmusically interrupted his philosophical serenade to the witty wanton Altisidora.

Now as there are other contests, besides those with cats, in which a man is apt to get his face scratched, and the world, upon such occasions, is apt to be very merry, I resolved not to appear among my acquaintance again, till my scars were healed, that I might escape running the gauntlet of stale witticisms and worn-out raillery.

But my time has not been idly spent in this retirement: I have been collecting a fund of information, that will be useful to me, should the hour ever arrive, when I may quit the tumult and bustle of life for the tranquillity of rural solitude.

Sir Harry, who is a great agriculturist, keeps a considerable part of his estate in his own hands, which he cultivates according to the improved system that has been introduced by those enlightened men, who have devoted their transcendent talents to this interesting pursuit. As I expressed a desire to be initiated in the science, he has taken considerable pains to instruct me, and his own grounds and cattle afforded the finest examples of his precepts.

The first time I rode out with him, I was struck, as soon as we had passed his park wall, with the regular and garden-like appearance of every thing around me. The crops were all planted in lines exactly parallel; and the fences, all of quickset, were as neat and trimly shorn as the chin of a bridegroom. At first view, I was not pleased with the air of formality this gave to the face of nature, and regretted the hedge-rows of elm and ash and oak, which used to form so picturesque a border to every field: but Sir Harry told me, they excluded the sun, and prevented a free circulation of air, and were, therefore, inimical to vegetation; that, though they might be very pretty in painting and in poetry, and in nature too in proper situations, in a fence they were out of place, and, even if they were beautiful, ought to be sacrificed to utility. I acknowledged the force of his argument, and was already so willing to subscribe entirely to his system, that I hesitated not to agree with him, that cultivation could not be perfected, while a single tree was left standing in any hedge in the kingdom.

In the course of our ride through the grounds, I was not a little surprized to find a considerable portion of the farm allotted to the culture of hemp: but my wonder increased when Sir Harry explained to me its use.

"Not to mention," said he, "that our navy "could not exist without it, which alone would "be sufficient to recommend this plant to the "care of Englishmen, nor to notice its use in "choaking the weeds of society," added he smiling, "hemp possesses properties which "render it invaluable to one who regards at "all the size and beauty of his cattle. From "the seed is produced the oil-cake, of which "you have, no doubt, heard."

I replied that I had, but that I thought it tainted the flesh of those animals that eat it.

"It is like all other things of high flavour," said he; "you do not like olives at first, but "the palate soon becomes, not only reconciled, "but pleased with them. I feed all my cattle "upon it, and, I believe, I may challenge the "whole county to produce finer beasts than I "send to market. The smaller the space into "which nutriment can be compressed, the less "trouble there will be in mastication; and as "total rest has been found, by experience, to "be favourable to the growth of animals, it "would be a desirable object, so to subtilize the "nutritive matter, that it may be inhaled by "the common action of respiration. This, by "the aid of chemistry, may yet be effected; "and then by proper attention to crossing the "breed, and some few other particulars, I see "no reason why a sheep may not, in time, attain the size of an ox, and an ox become as "large as an elephant."

I could not help smiling at what I thought

the extravagance of my friend's idea, but I found, upon looking into his stalls, that there was a much nearer prospect of its being realized than I had imagined. Here I saw several immense masses of flesh, so covered with fat, that not a trace of a muscle was discernible; and so motionless and languid, that they appeared to hold a middle rank between the animal and vegetable creation. Sir Harry told me these oxen had been much admired for their beauty and were expected to bear away the prize at the next agricultural meeting. I observed that it was, no doubt, a desirable thing to increase as much as possible the bulk of animals, but I ventured to express some surprize that such unwieldy forms should be considered beautiful.

"Beauty," said Sir Harry, with much animation in his manner, as if he felt the honour of his prize cattle at stake, "beauty is but a "relative term; and what is beautiful in one "object may be deformity in another. Indeed "it seems little capable of definition; we "form our ideas of it from habit and circum"stances: and of the same subject opinions "will be various. In Turkey a woman can "scarce be fat enough to reach the standard of "beauty, and a Hottentot Venus must have a "nose level with her face, teeth of ebony, and "head shaped like a sugar-loaf. In my opi"nion, utility is an essential part of beauty, "and an object is then most beautiful when it "is best adapted to the uses for which it is "intended: now an ox is intended to be eaten, "and the more there is of him, therefore, the "better, and consequently the more beauti"ful."

This reasoning was unanswerable: and I had no doubt that all my ideas as to the unhealthiness of these animals so cooped up, so bloated, and apparently nearly choaked with fat and phlegm, were equally unfounded; and that there was not the least reason to suppose that they would not afford as healthful, if not better, nutriment, as they would, if they had had the free benefit of air and exercise, and had eaten only the food which nature and instinct pointed out to them. I was now convinced that all such opinions were totally erroneous, the offspring of ill-founded prejudice, and I kept them, therefore, to myself, that I might not seem either ignorant, or sceptical.

As we continued our ride, I observed several cottages in ruins, and I was sensible of an unusual air of stillness and loneliness in every place that we passed. I listened, in vain, for the wild carols with which the sun-burnt children of labour were wont to beguile their toil; there was not one rustic groupe to give animation to the scene. I inquired the reason of my friend, and asked if the rustics kept holyday; but he told me that he never employed any.

"By the application of the power of me"chanics to husbandry," said he, "human "labour has been rendered, almost in every "case, unnecessary: and thus the mind of "man, no longer brutalized by the drudgery "of manual toil, is left free to pursue nobler "objects. The mild spirit of philosophy that "has of late years diffused its rays with such "benignant influence, has effected this; and "there is reason to hope that the time will "soon come when, not only man, but the whole "animal creation will be exempted from la"bour. You observe the regularity and neatness "of the crops: all this is done by machinery; "There are machines for sowing and machines "for weeding them, and for threshing them "when brought home: every part is done in "infinitely less time than it could be done by "men, and done better. Now as so much is "already effected by the power of mechanics, "who can say where we shall stop? Why "may not a plough be turned into a field, and "perform its work, without any one to super"intend it, by the force of its own internal "mechanism? or is it impossible to conceive "an engine, formed of a number of sickles, or "scythes, that shall, by itself, reap a field, or "mow a meadow? I myself have seen a car"riage go at a great rate without horses, by "the mere force of steam: we have only to "counteract friction and we may do any "thing."

I was, for some moments, lost in the contemplation of the wonders, that might be achieved by mechanism: when one of those trivial thoughts, which interrupt our sublimest speculations, passed across my mind; and it occurred to me to ask in what way those, who were thus happily exempted from labour, now procured the means of subsistence?

"Those, who are young and vigorous," replied he, "fill the ranks of our army and "navy, and enter in the glorious track that "leads to fame and honour: while they, who "are too young or too old for such pursuits, "are comfortably sheltered in the workhouse, "and maintained by a rate, levied on the inha"bitants of the parish. The old workhouse "was found to be much too small; and the "parish has, therefore, erected one on a much "grander scale, keeping in view the maxim,

" that all public buildings, should have some-
" thing in their appearance, which may tend
" to the honour and ornament of the country.
" You will see it as soon as we have mounted
" the little hill before us."

We now soon reached an elegant stone building, which, had I not been apprized beforehand, and but for some sickly-looking ragged children that sat at the door, I might have mistaken for the residence of some nabob, rich from the miseries and plunder of the East. It had a portico in front of Grecian Doric, and as I contemplated the chaste simplicity, and elegant proportion of the whole, I could not but reflect with satisfaction, that I was born in an age, when by the proper application of chemistry and mechanics to purposes of husbandry, animals were increased to more than twice their natural bulk, mankind exempted from labour, our fleets and armies thronged with patriotic warriors, and the young, the aged, and infirm, maintained at ease in palaces, by the erection of which, encouragement is given to the arts, and the dignity and honour of the nation promoted.

Homedale Priory, C.
June 20, 1807.

FITZWALTER, "OR THE SOPHISTRY OF THE PASSIONS."

(Continued from page 431.*)*

IN Mrs. Herbert's attentions to Fitzwalter (attentions resulting from supposing him the sincere and disinterested friend he had been represented) Mrs. Orville fancied (for alas! what delusion will not passion indulge) she saw a silent acquiescence in her attachment to him, and imagined she should, therefore, find in her, not the stern monitress, but the liberal friend, indulgent to all her wanderings and her weaknesses. She thought too that her mind would find a powerful relief in a confidence which she knew would not be betrayed; and which she concluded would be repaid by sympathy and kindness. Finding also a false and fatal shelter for her own errors in those of her husband, she at length, on Mrs. Herbert's quitting her in consequence of business which unexpectedly hastened her departure, confessed to her, in a letter, the day after she left her, her attachment to Fitzwalter, and acknowledged having listened to the avowal of his to her. By her various arguments, in this letter, she thought she had easily silenced her friend's objections; if any she should start, by the same specious ones with which her seducer had lulled hers. Forgetful of the false and different mediums through which passion presents things to our view—how then was she startled when she read the following reply to it:

" Ah, why, my dearest Mrs. Orville, have
" you at the same moment taught me to love
" and pity you? Pity—shrink not from that
" word—mine is not the proud pity of indig-
" nant virtue;—No, it is rather the softened
" sentiment of mingled tenderness and regret,
" that such a heart as your's should be ex-
" posed to such a conflict of contending pas-
" sions. But whilst it is still in your power,
" spare, O spare it! a severer one than it
" has ever yet known, and under which it
" would indeed sink—that of self-reproach.
" Ah, could that heart (alive to all the nicest
" feelings of *our* sex, and that shrinks even from
" *sorrow*) support the keener pangs of *re-*
" *morse*—of *guilt*? Could that delicacy of
" form and feature that has hitherto opposed
" the downcast blush of modesty, even to the
" look of admiration, meet the authorized
" stare, the bold licentious glance of the
" libertine, the coarse jest of the vulgar, or
" the dignified reproof of haughty offended
" virtue? Would not that frame, *fragile* as
" *fair*, soon sink beneath the *coldness of neg-*
" *lect*, the *unkindness of friends*, the *contumely*
" *of the world*, and the too probable early
" contempt of him for whom all those high
" claims to title, wealth, and distinction were
" relinquished?

" Nursed in the lap of tenderness, of *virtue*,
" and of *peace*, could *you*, my Louisa, support
" a life of cold public reproach? or could you
" by retiring from the world, in the remotest
" solitude, or in the most distant climate, si-
" lence a more powerful monitor, which will
" tell you at every pulsation, that all is *tumult*
" there! When you see *happy* mothers hang-
" ing in transport over the lovely pledges of
" sanctioned and authorised affection, will not
" a pang, sharper even than the serpent's

mounted by the pines, which delight in snow and frost. Nothing is more capable of elevating the soul, than the marks which these scenes preserve of the concussions that have formerly devastated the earth.

Although the new road extends as far as Lanlesbourg, we preferred the ancient mode of making the descent in sledges. It is a method of travelling with an inconceivable velocity: one enjoys the satisfaction of seeing objects fly, as it were, behind: it is an image of that portion of life which is spent in pleasure.

In traversing Savoy, our doctor did not cease to admire the agricultural industry of its inhabitants. He had conceived a very advantageous opinion of this country, and his enthusiasm went so far, that speaking one day of what the reigning house of that name had formerly achieved in Europe, he attributed it to the circumstance that that family had derived its origin from a country where courage and a spirit of order had struck deep roots.

You may gather from hence, sir, how we spent our time on the road. For my part, I was very well satisfied. I had rather, without doubt, have found myself with a society of a more brilliant class; but it would have been difficult to have met with one composed of people more mild and amiable. It is true that the curate, from time to time, gave us sermons sufficiently tiresome: but the doctor never opened his mouth exept to say something sensible and agreeable. In one of those moments when the ribbon merchant, enchanted, by anticipation, with the pleasure of his approaching nuptials, the good doctor said to him; "my good friend, it is not the nuptial day that is the happiest day of marriage, it is that when the united pair acknowledged a perfect equality, when they feel a conformity of tastes and humours, and a mutual desire to please each other; it is then that their hearts are opened to a confidence without bounds, and that they are acquainted with a happiness which is not to be felt but in this holy union."

Arrived at Lyons, I was already far from the companions of my journey, but I still take an interest in their future welfare. I say to myself, this young ribbon weaver ceases not to love his fair friend; that the Swiss doctor is arrived in a happy hour at A—, and that the poor lace merchant restored to his former avocation, may find yet in the retreat of the cloister that calm and tranquillity, which he has in vain sought for elsewhere.

In giving you an account, Mr. Editor, of the incidents of my journey, I have thought it right to give you some little description of the places through which I passed, and of the persons whom love or accident made my companions. I would willingly acquit myself of this task in a manner worthy of you; but I cannot flatter myself with possessing the talents of Saussure or Spallanzani to talk to you of those mountains, or the pen of Sterne or Ariosto to paint to you the soul of Dorothea.

Modeste Paroletti.

THE TRIFLER;

OR AN ESSAY ON ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

(Continued from page 426.)

MY stay here has been prolonged considerably beyond the time I had at first proposed to myself by an odd accident that happened to me on the night of my arrival. As I was something fatigued by my journey, I retired early to rest, and soon fell soundly asleep. I had not slept long, however, when I was awakened by a violent struggling and screaming in the passage which led to my chamber. I had scarcely time to wonder what it might be before the door flew open, and something rushed upon my bed, and, at the same time, I heard a whispering of voices in the passage.

Though I am not much troubled by those fashionable tormentors, nerves, yet, being so suddenly roused from sleep, in a strange place, and, as I then thought, in the dead of night, I was, for a moment, rather discomposed; but instantly recollecting myself, I stretched out my hand to discover who, or what this intruder on my repose might be. I had no sooner done so, than I heard a strange growling, and perceived two balls of fire glaring fiercely upon me. As a cat, which I now found this to be, did not seem, in this disposition at least, to be a desirable companion for the night, I attempt-

ed to remove it; but it sprang upon me, and fixed its talons in my face. I struggled hard to disengage myself, but the cat seemed as resolutely bent to maintain its hold; nor did I effect my release before it had left, on my face and hands, ample marks of its activity.

Two servants, hearing the contest, now came in. It appeared that my young female friends were studying, experimentally, comparative anatomy, and this cat was intended as a subject for dissection: but the cat having no taste for anatomical pursuits, had attempted to escape, and being closely pursued, to my door, by the two servants, who acted as assistants at the dissection, after a desperate struggle for liberty, in which my door, being carelessly fastened, was burst open, the poor animal sought refuge in my chamber. As none of the family were yet gone to bed, I was soon furnished with a most sovereign cataplasm to allay the heat of my scratches; and my friend Sir Harry, though he expressed concern for my accident, laughingly remarked, that I reminded him of the Knight of La Mancha's encounter with the cats at the castle, who so unmusically interrupted his philosophical serenade to the witty wanton Altisidora.

Now as there are other contests, besides those with cats, in which a man is apt to get his face scratched, and the world, upon such occasions, is apt to be very merry, I resolved not to appear among my acquaintance again, till my scars were healed, that I might escape running the gauntlet of stale witticisms and worn-out raillery.

But my time has not been idly spent in this retirement: I have been collecting a fund of information, that will be useful to me, should the hour ever arrive, when I may quit the tumult and bustle of life for the tranquillity of rural solitude.

Sir Harry, who is a great agriculturist, keeps a considerable part of his estate in his own hands, which he cultivates according to the improved system that has been introduced by those enlightened men, who have devoted their transcendent talents to this interesting pursuit. As I expressed a desire to be initiated in the science, he has taken considerable pains to instruct me, and his own grounds and cattle afforded the finest examples of his precepts.

The first time I rode out with him, I was struck, as soon as we had passed his park wall, with the regular and garden-like appearance of every thing around me. The crops were all planted in lines exactly parallel; and the fences, all of quickset, were as neat and trimly shorn as the chin of a bridegroom. At first view, I was not pleased with the air of formality this gave to the face of nature, and regretted the hedge-rows of elm and ash and oak, which used to form so picturesque a border to every field: but Sir Harry told me, they excluded the sun, and prevented a free circulation of air, and were, therefore, inimical to vegetation; that, though they might be very pretty in painting and in poetry, and in nature too in proper situations, in a fence they were out of place, and, even if they were beautiful, ought to be sacrificed to utility. I acknowledged the force of his argument, and was already so willing to subscribe entirely to his system, that I hesitated not to agree with him, that cultivation could not be perfected, while a single tree was left standing in any hedge in the kingdom.

In the course of our ride through the grounds, I was not a little surprized to find a considerable portion of the farm allotted to the culture of hemp: but my wonder increased when Sir Harry explained to me its use.

"Not to mention," said he, "that our navy "could not exist without it, which alone would "be sufficient to recommend this plant to the "care of Englishmen, nor to notice its use in "choaking the weeds of society," added he smiling, "hemp possesses properties which "render it invaluable to one who regards at "all the size and beauty of his cattle. From "the seed is produced the oil-cake, of which "you have, no doubt, heard."

I replied that I had, but that I thought it tainted the flesh of those animals that eat it.

"It is like all other things of high flavour," said he; "you do not like olives at first, but "the palate soon becomes, not only reconciled, "but pleased with them. I feed all my cattle "upon it, and, I believe, I may challenge the "whole county to produce finer beasts than I "send to market. The smaller the space into "which nutriment can be compressed, the less "trouble there will be in mastication; and as "total rest has been found, by experience, to "be favourable to the growth of animals, it "would be a desirable object, so to subtilize the "nutritive matter, that it may be inhaled by "the common action of respiration. This, by "the aid of chemistry, may yet be effected; "and then by proper attention to crossing the "breed, and some few other particulars, I see "no reason why a sheep may not, in time, at-"tain the size of an ox, and an ox become as "large as an elephant."

I could not help smiling at what I thought

the extravagance of my friend's idea, but I found, upon looking into his stalls, that there was a much nearer prospect of its being realized than I had imagined. Here I saw several immense masses of flesh, so covered with fat, that not a trace of a muscle was discernible; and so motionless and languid, that they appeared to hold a middle rank between the animal and vegetable creation. Sir Harry told me these oxen had been much admired for their beauty and were expected to bear away the prize at the next agricultural meeting. I observed that it was, no doubt, a desirable thing to increase as much as possible the bulk of animals, but I ventured to express some surprize that such unwieldy forms should be considered beautiful.

"Beauty," said Sir Harry, with much animation in his manner, as if he felt the honour of his prize cattle at stake, "beauty is but a "relative term; and what is beautiful in one "object may be deformity in another. Indeed "it seems little capable of definition; we "form our ideas of it from habit and circum-"stances: and of the same subject opinions "will be various. In Turkey a woman can "scarce be fat enough to reach the standard of "beauty, and a Hottentot Venus must have a "nose level with her face, teeth of ebony, and "head shaped like a sugar-loaf. In my opi-"nion, utility is an essential part of beauty, "and an object is then most beautiful when it "is best adapted to the uses for which it is "intended: now an ox is intended to be eaten, "and the more there is of him, therefore, the "better, and consequently the more beauti-"ful."

This reasoning was unanswerable: and I had no doubt that all my ideas as to the unhealthiness of these animals so cooped up, so blotted, and apparently nearly choaked with fat and phlegm, were equally unfounded; and that there was not the least reason to suppose that they would not afford as healthful, if not better, nutriment, as they would, if they had had the free benefit of air and exercise, and had eaten only the food which nature and instinct pointed out to them. I was now convinced that all such opinions were totally erroneous, the offspring of ill-founded prejudice, and I kept them, therefore, to myself, that I might not seem either ignorant, or sceptical.

As we continued our ride, I observed several cottages in ruins, and I was sensible of an unusual air of stillness and loneliness in every place that we passed. I listened, in vain, for the wild carols with which the sun-burnt children of labour were wont to beguile their toil; there was not one rustic groupe to give animation to the scene. I inquired the reason of my friend, and asked if the rustics kept holyday; but he told me that he never employed any.

"By the application of the power of me-"chanics to husbandry," said he, "human "labour has been rendered, almost in every "case, unnecessary: and thus the mind of "man, no longer brutalized by the drudgery "of manual toil, is left free to pursue nobler "objects. The mild spirit of philosophy that "has of late years diffused its rays with such "benignant influence, has effected this; and "there is reason to hope that the time will "soon come when, not only man, but the whole "animal creation will be exempted from la-"bour. You observe the regularity and neatness "of the crops: all this is done by machinery: "There are machines for sowing and machines "for weeding them, and for threshing them "when brought home: every part is done in "infinitely less time than it could be done by "men, and done better. Now as so much is "already effected by the power of mechanics, "who can say where we shall stop? Why "may not a plough be turned into a field, and "perform its work, without any one to super-"intend it, by the force of its own internal "mechanism? or is it impossible to conceive "an engine, formed of a number of sickles, or "scythes, that shall, by itself, reap a field, or "mow a meadow? I myself have seen a car-"riage go at a great rate without horses, by "the mere force of steam: we have only to "counteract friction and we may do any "thing."

I was, for some moments, lost in the contemplation of the wonders, that might be achieved by mechanism: when one of those trivial thoughts, which interrupt our sublimest speculations, passed across my mind; and it occurred to me to ask in what way those, who were thus happily exempted from labour, now procured the means of subsistence?

"Those, who are young and vigorous," replied he, "fill the ranks of our army and "navy, and enter in the glorious track that "leads to fame and honour: while they, who "are too young or too old for such pursuits, "are comfortably sheltered in the workhouse, "and maintained by a rate, levied on the inha-"bitants of the parish. The old workhouse "was found to be much too small; and the "parish has, therefore, erected one on a much "grander scale, keeping in view the maxim,

" that all public buildings, should have some-
" thing in their appearance, which may tend
" to the honour and ornament of the country.
" You will see it as soon as we have mounted
" the little hill before us."

We now soon reached an elegant stone building, which, had I not been apprized beforehand, and but for some sickly-looking ragged children that sat at the door, I might have mistaken for the residence of some nabob, rich from the miseries and plunder of the East. It had a portico in front of Grecian Doric, and as I contemplated the chaste simplicity, and elegant proportion of the whole, I could not but reflect with satisfaction, that I was born in an age, when by the proper application of chemistry and mechanics to purposes of husbandry, animals were increased to more than twice their natural bulk, mankind exempted from labour, our fleets and armies thronged with patriotic warriors, and the young, the aged, and infirm, maintained at ease in palaces, by the erection of which, encouragement is given to the arts, and the dignity and honour of the nation promoted.

Homedale Priory, C.
June 20, 1801.

FITZWALTER, "OR THE SOPHISTRY OF THE PASSIONS."

(Continued from page 431.)

IN Mrs. Herbert's attentions to Fitzwalter (attentions resulting from supposing him the sincere and disinterested friend he had been represented) Mrs. Orville fancied (for alas! what delusion will not passion indulge) she saw a silent acquiescence in her attachment to him, and imagined she should, therefore, find in her, not the stern monitress, but the liberal friend, indulgent to all her wanderings and her weaknesses. She thought too that her mind would find a powerful relief in a confidence which she knew would not be betrayed; and which she concluded would be repaid by sympathy and kindness. Finding also a false and fatal shelter for her own errors in those of her husband, she at length, on Mrs. Herbert's quitting her in consequence of business which unexpectedly hastened her departure, confessed to her, in a letter, the day after she left her, her attachment to Fitzwalter, and acknowledged having listened to the avowal of his to her. By her various arguments, in this letter, she thought she had easily silenced her friend's objections; if any she should start, by the same specious ones with which her seducer had lulled hers. Forgetful of the false and different mediums through which passion presents things to our view—how then was she startled when she read the following reply to it:

" Ah, why, my dearest Mrs. Orville, have
" you at the same moment taught me to love
" and pity you? Pity—shrink not from that
" word—mine is not the proud pity of indig-
" nant virtue;—No, it is rather the softened
" sentiment of mingled tenderness and regret,
" that such a heart as your's should be ex-
" posed to such a conflict of contending pas-
" sions. But whilst it is still in your power,
" spare, O spare it! a severer one than it
" has ever yet known, and under which it
" would indeed sink—that of self-reproach.
" Ah, could that heart (alive to all the nicest
" feelings of *our* sex, and that shrinks even from
" *sorrow*) support the keener pangs of *re-*
" *morse*—of *guilt*? Could that delicacy of
" form and feature that has hitherto opposed
" the downcast blush of modesty, even to the
" look of admiration, meet the authorized
" stare, the bold licentious glance of the
" libertine, the coarse jest of the vulgar, or
" the dignified reproof of haughty offended
" virtue? Would not that frame, *fragile* as
" *fair*, soon sink beneath the *coldness of neg-*
" *lect*, the *unkindness of friends*, the *contumely*
" *of the world*, and the too probable early
" contempt of him for whom all those high
" claims to title, wealth, and distinction were
" relinquished?

" Nursed in the lap of tenderness, of *virtue*,
" and of *peace*, could *you*, my Louisa, support
" a life of cold public reproach? or could you
" by retiring from the world, in the remotest
" solitude, or in the most distant climate, si-
" lence a more powerful monitor, which will
" tell you at every pulsation, that all is *tumult*
" there! When you see *happy* mothers hang-
" ing in transport over the lovely pledges of
" sanctioned and authorised affection, will not
" a pang, sharper even than the serpent's

"tooth,' point to that bosom this keenest of "agonies, and will not a whispering voice "say, 'I also was a mother—my child was "lovely, was blooming as your own—and I for-"sook it—I was a wife too—and though not a "happy one, could I urge Colonel Orville's "faults as an explation of my own? Faults "which only more strongly threw upon a "mother's tenderness and a mother's example "the innocent victims of his errors.'

"Oh, my Louisa, reflect, ere it be too late. "The honour of that husband is still in your "keeping. The virtues of a wife and mother "might even now restore its tarnished "lustre, and teach it yet to gild society. The "happiness, the fortune, and the future fate of "those children are still in your hands. Con-"sider how awful, how sacred is such a de-"posit, and in *their* names I adjure you to stop "whilst yet on the edge of a precipice, to save "yourself from *ruin* and *them* from misery. "Urge not again that Col. Orville has forfeited "by his conduct all claims upon your affec-"tion. The world pardons to the *other* sex "what it never forgives to *ours*. Besides, can "he by any mode of conduct cancel that sacred "vow you so solemnly pledged in *his* awful "presence, whom at the altar you called to "witness it. A vow doubly ratified by the "strong ties of children and all their relative "connecting duties. One of those children is, "you say, too young to experience either a "mother's loss or to be sensible of her errors, "and that she will never feel the one or "weep over the other. A mother's loss, my "Louisa, what *can* ever supply it? Can any "other bosom throb as her's does at their lit-"tle cares or pleasures? Can any other hand "lead them so gently through the paths of "childhood, or guide them so safely in the "more dangerous one of maturer years? Think "of that daughter, how, when entering into "life with all the ardour of youth, and all the "charms of loveliness, the object of admiring "friends, the pride of a graced circle, and the "comfort of a more retired one! think how "deep would be the indignant blush of wound-"ed feeling, how agonizing the discovery, "should a mother's whispered errors then first "meet her ear; and how bitter then the tears "that would fall to wash away the stain of "them. Oh, how vain! how fatal is the idea "that those errors would never be known to "her children, or, if known, that they would "soon be forgotten! A mother's errors can "never be forgotten. The world, the cruel "world, alas! allows of no oblivion here. "Think if fate, revenging those errors on *her*, "should throw her into the arms of a husband, "before whom she would tremble to shed "those tears that fell for *you*, or one who in a "moment of unkindness, because she was fault-"less *herself*, might reproach her with *your* "name. Oh, think how agonizing must be "those feelings, excited by the recollection "that here even filial love might not dare to "throw the veil of charity over a mother's "faults. Drooping in silence at the recollec-"tion of them, and trembling at the idea of "being again tortured with the reproaches of "them, she meets in future with the cold look "of fear and mortification her husband's eye, "and sinks to the grave gradually, the late, "though certain victim of *your* misconduct. "But your boy—your darling boy, you say, "would never forsake you—and vainly do you "argue that in every situation of life *he* would "acknowledge, though he should weep over, "his mother. Think, my Louisa, that period "of it arrived, when ripening into manhood, "he enters into its busy paths with those nice "distinctions of virtue, as to *our* sex, that *his* "never parts from, could he in a moment re-"linquish all those ideas fixed on the firm basis "of principle and conscious rectitude, or if he "could by a strong effort dare to do it, how "embittering must be the recollection that a "mother's conduct first imposed on him such a "trial—that a mother whom memory strong "even as the parental tye may still picture in "his infancy, hanging over him in doating "fondness, rich in beauty, sweetness, and "maternal tenderness. Fancy does not, for "she cannot, heighten this picture, oh! my be-"loved Louisa, traced as it is by the faithful "though trembling hand of friendship, and yet "moist with her tears; wear it in your bosom "as the sacred shield of virtue, that gifted ta-"lisman which with her powerful spell shall "guard you against the voice of the charmer, "charm he never so sweetly."

Awakened by this letter to the retrospect of her duties, and the recollection that they had once also composed her happiness, the high wrought sentiment of passion sunk for a mo-ment at this remembrance, and the once sacred-ly cherished feelings of a wife and mother rushed upon her heart, that heart to which they had so long been a stranger, alike softened by their influence, and recalled equally by the kind-ness and judgment of Mrs. Herbert to what she had once been—the bright pattern of domestic virtue: the comparison pressed upon her heart with all the force of self-reproach, yet with all

the strength of a passion, the fatal consequences of which had now first, by friendship's hand, been unveiled to her. It was in this conflict of contending emotions she thus replied to Mrs. Herbert's letter:

"Oh, do not tell me what my heart was "formed for. It has been torn from all its "resting places, it has been, indeed, rudely "tried—it has been (oh! how cruelly) thrown "away by one to whom it was at the altar "pledged as sincerely as sacredly. All its fine "cords have been snapped *one* by *one*, and it "now trembles at every touch. The trial of "desertion to such a heart none but a deserted "wife can comprehend, and amongst its aggra-"vated trials are its dangers, nay its very sym-"pathies."—

The tear of returning virtue was still trembling in her eye when the arrival of Fitzwalter obliged her to leave her unfinished letter for a calmer hour. Accustomed to trace all the wanderings as well as the weaknesses of her heart, he soon saw some new struggle had arisen there, and pleading, with all the sophistry of passion, his right to share her *sorrows* as well as her pleasures, he at length obtained from her the contents of Mrs. Herbert's letter. Whilst he saw the full force of their influence upon her mind, he saw the crisis of his fate in this moment, and that the equal scales of right and wrong wanted but a grain in the balance to make either preponderate. Versed in all the wiles of seduction, he was also aware that its directing movement must be alike *unseen* and *unsuspected*. With caution and cunning equally for his guide, he did not, as she expected he would have done, assume the high tone of displeasure at the arguments contained in Mrs. Herbert's letter, he only lamented that in what he termed her too eager, though perhaps well-meant friendship, she had called him Mrs. Orville's seducer, and branded with such a title his intentions to be her disinterested protector, deserted as she was by her husband, and to prove himself a father to her children instead of him who had cast off a father's care of them. "His were," he said, "honourable preten-"sions, and, therefore, surely not to be treated "with such harshness as Mrs. Herbert had ex-"pressed towards him."

Won over by his fatal sophistry in this, as he had been in former moments, the letter, over which she had at first shed the sacred tear of repentance, now met her eye with that different colouring which Fitzwalter had given it, and she ventured to continue it with all those specious arguments which she had easily caught from him to lull her awakened reason, and the stings of an upbraiding conscience. But, ah! what spell can shield us from self-reproach, or what veil can we throw over her hydra form as it approaches the guilty.

Mrs. Herbert's reply to her letter taught her, by the next post, how soon the delusions of falsehood fade before the steady eye of truth and principle. It was as follows:

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE OURANG-OUTANG AND CHIMPANZEE OF THE MODERNS; THE SATYRS AND PIGMIES OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE ourang-outang and chimpanzee are supposed to differ from each other in few respects, except of size. The former is sometimes more than six feet, whilst the latter seldom exceeds three feet in height. Ourang-outangs are found principally in Borneo, an island in the Indian seas, much celebrated for its extraordinary natural productions. They are, however, likewise found in several parts of Africa and the East Indies; and there seems good reason to believe that they were the *satyrs* of the ancients. The chimpanzees are natives chiefly of Africa, and it appears very probable that these were their *pigmies*.

From the prophecy of Isaiah we are led to suppose that either the ourang-outang, or a species of ape somewhat allied to it, inhabited the country of Chaldea, for, speaking of the destruction of Babylon, he says, "It shall "never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt "in from generation to generation: neither "shall the Arabian pitch his tent there, neither "shall the shepherds make their fold there, "but wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, "and their houses shall be full of doleful crea-"tures, and owls shall dwell there, and *satyrs* "shall dance there." Chap. xiii. v. 21. In the 34th chapter he says of Bozrah, "The

" wild beasts of the desert shall also meet the " wild beasts of the island; and the *satyr* shall " cry to his fellow, and the screech-owl also " shall rest there."

Philostorgius, an historian who flourished in the 5th century, gives the following account of the satyr:—" It has," says he, " the form " of an ape, mixed with that of some other " animal. This is well ascertained from seve- " ral that have been sent over to us; parti- " cularly from one which was called Pan. " This had a goat's face and goat's horns, and, " from its loins downward, goat's legs; but in " its body, breasts, and hands, it was a pure " ape. One of these animals was sent by the " King of India to Constantius. It lived for " some time, and was carried about inclosed in " a cage, for it was very wild. When it died " the persons into whose care it had been " given embalmed it, and sent it to Constanti- " nople to be exhibited as a shew. I am in- " clined to believe that the ancient Greeks had " seen an animal of this very extraordinary " kind; and that, in their surprize at the " strangeness of the sight, they fancied it to be " a god: since it was not unusual with them " to make a god of any thing that they were " astonished with or admired*."

In this account we must make allowance for some exaggeration. It is probable that the writer did not himself see the creature which he described; and, besides, it is well known that the ancients were not very attentive to the precise forms of animals. That with their vague notions they might mistake betwixt the head and legs of an ape and those of a goat is easy enough to conceive; but, in order to account for the addition of the horns to the goat's head, we must either suppose that the writer added these, of his own thought, as an indispensable appendage, or that the astonished describer of what the people considered to be a god, had actually mistaken the prominent ears of the animal for horns.

The satyrs are generally described to have had a rude resemblance to men in the upper parts of their body; but to have had short horns on their head, and their legs and feet resembling those of a goat. Their usual residence is stated to have been in extensive woods and forests; and they are represented as having been frolicsome and sportive creatures, but of extremely lacivious and filthy disposition. It was believed of them, as it is to this day of the ourang-outang, that it was very dangerous for a female to fall into their hands. Surprizing things have been related of their nocturnal revels, their dancing, music, and sportive conduct. But however pleasant these revels were considered to be to themselves, the ancients in general had as many fears and as much superstitious horror of them as some of the moderns have of those of fairies and hobgoblins, and nearly with as good foundation. We all know that, with ignorant people, a wonderful story loses nothing in the repetition; and all the stories respecting the satyrs had the additional advantage of being related and expanded by the poets. Lucretius seems to have been the only one of those who has expressed an opinion that the revels of the satyrs, their dancing and music, were fabulous. He supposes that the persons who asserted that they had heard them, had been deceived by their own fears, and by the howling and whistling of winds betwixt the trees, and amongst the hollows of rocks near those places where it was believed the satyrs haunted. The howling of various nocturnal animals in search of prey might lead to aid the *deception*. I myself have known some rocks and hills return six words for one:

" The dancing words from hill to hill rebound,
" They all receive, and all restore the sound.
" The vulgar, and the neighbours think, and
" tell,
" That there the *nymphs*, and *fauns*, and *satyrs*
" dwell;
" And that their wanton sport, their loud de-
" light,
" Breaks through the quiet silence of the
" night:
" Their music's softest airs fill all the plains,
" And mighty Pan delights the list'ning
" swains;
" The goat-faced Pan, whilst flocks securely
" feed,
" With long-hung lip he blows the oaten reed;
" The horned, the half-beast god, when brisk
" and gay,
" With pine leaves crown'd provokes the
" swains to play.
" Ten thousand such romants the vulgar tell,
" Perhaps lest some men think the gods will
" dwell
" In towns alone, and scorn their plains and
" cell;
——" For man, how credulous and vain!
" Delights to hear strange things! delights to
" to feign *.

* Philostorg. Hist. Eccles. lib. iii. cap. 2.

* Creech's Lucretius, book vi. v. 581.

Now it is just as reasonable to suppose that those who described the figure and appearance of the animals may have exaggerated in their relations of them, as the persons, who have recited such marvellous accounts of their modes of life have done respecting these. If we make a due allowance, in both respects, we shall find that this ancient god was a mere brute, an ape.

It is generally believed that Homer was the first of the ancient writers who had given any account of the *pigmies*. He mentions them in a simile: he compares the war-hoop of the Trojans, when about to commence their fight with the Grecians, to the astonishing noise made by cranes in their battles with the pigmies.

" So when inclement winters wet the plain
" With piercing frosts or thick descending
" rain,
" To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly,
" With noise and order through the midway
" sky
" To pigmy nations wounds and death they
" bring,
" And all the war descends upon the wing*."

His account, however, does not lead us to suppose that he believed the pigmies to be a race of men. The expression in the Greek will as well answer to a race of apes, in their external appearance, somewhat resembling men. Some writers have considered these battles of cranes and pigmies to be entirely fabulous, and to have existed, like his battles of the frogs and mice, only in the writer's imagination. The latter is allowed by all to have been a fiction; but we cannot readily be brought to believe that such a poet as Homer would have drawn a simile, like the one above-mentioned, without at least believing it to have had some foundation in nature. The ancients certainly gave credit to the fact. Pliny informs us, that " in " the spring of the year great troops of pig- " mies descend to the sea-coasts in order to " devour the eggs and young ones of the " cranes †." And Onesicritus, that " there is " annually a fight betwixt the pigmies and the " cranes (as Homer relates): for these pigmies " take away the eggs and destroy them. The " cranes lay their eggs there; and neither " their nests nor their eggs are to be found any- " where else*." From these and various other accounts there can be little doubt that some species of creature denominated pigmies, and some species of bird called cranes, did really fight together, and most probably with great noises on each side. Megasthenes adds to the above account of Pliny that the pigmies rode into the battle on rams or goats, (other writers say on partridges as big as geese), and that they were armed with bows and arrows; and even Onesicritus relates that cranes had sometimes been seen to fly from those parts, where the battle is supposed to have taken place, with brass swords fixed in their bodies. It is asserted, by Ctesias, that one of the kings of India had in his establishment three thousand pigmies as body guards; and that they were excellent archers. But the fables built upon the history of the pigmies are as absurd as they are numerous; and this absurdity has created no little confusion respecting them. Ctesias represents them as being an extensive nation which spoke the Indian language, and were governed by the Indian laws; and he describes their valour and their warlike propensities to have been very great. His account, as inserted at the end of some of the editions of Herodotus, is curious, and not uninteresting. It is mixed with fable, but it throws considerable light on their history. " In the interior parts " of India there is a race of black men deno- " minated pigmies. They have the same lan- " guage as the other Indians; but are so short " of stature that the tallest of them are only " about two cubits (three feet), and the " greater part of them not more than a cubit " and half in height. Their hair is so long " that it reaches down to their knees, and " sometimes even lower. Their beard is much " longer than that of a man. After this is " grown they wear no clothes. The hair of " their head falls, behind, considerably below " their thighs, and their beards extend even to " their feet. Spreading these entirely round " their body they gird themselves about the " waist, and thus employ their hair instead of " clothes."

Ctesias flourished about 400 years before the coming of Christ; and from other parts of his writings it is well ascertained that he admitted into them a considerable share of fiction. Even his editor Photius was not inclined to believe every thing he related; and later historians have considered him as, in various respects, not

* Pope's Homer's Iliad, book iii. ver. 5.
† Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. vii. cap. 22.

* Strab. Geograph. lib. 15.

deserving of much credit. From the above account (which goes on to state what has been related of their valour and their being made the body guards of the King of India) if we make due allowance for exaggeration, we can have no difficulty in supposing that the creatures there described must have been some species of ape, which in their general external form had a rude resemblance of men. What is stated of a particular part of their body, which, in this place, it would be as improper as it is unnecessary to describe, puts the fact beyond a doubt. As to their beard, and their hair, being so long as to be girded round, and to cover their whole body: this is evidently the exaggerated description (received probably through the medium of common report) of an animal whose whole body was clad with hair.

With respect to the opinion that the voice of the pigmies was like the human voice, Ctesius seems to have been the only writer who has mentioned it. And even of the ourang-outang and chimpanzee it is asserted that they sometimes make an inarticulate noise which is not much unlike the voice of a child. Herodotus says, of the troglodytes or pigmies, that their language was different from that of men, and had some resemblance to the screaming of bats. He adds, that they were swifter of foot than any man he had ever heard of, and that they fed upon serpents, lizards, and other reptiles. According to his account they inhabited some parts of Ethiopia, and resided there in the forests, and among rocks.

Aristotle, whose authority on subjects of natural history, was far beyond that of others of the ancient writers, is very short in what he relates respecting the pigmies. Speaking of the lakes in the upper part of Egypt, he says, "this is the place near which the pigmies reside: for this is no fable, but a truth. It is "asserted that both they and the horses are of "a small size. They are troglodytes, or live in "caves *."

This observation is inserted in a book expressly written on the subject of animals; and, as it appears that Aristotle was acquainted with the common traditions respecting the pigmies, it is evident that he either doubted the generally received notion of their being a dwarfish race of men, or that he did not himself believe they were. He certainly shews himself cautious, for, without any description, he calls them merely pigmies, and troglodytes.

* Herodot. in Melpomene, seu lib. iv.

† Aristot. Hist. Animal. lib. viii. cap. 12.

Herodotus actually speaks of them as animals. Enumerating the animals which inhabit the deserts of Lybia, he says that there were "wild "men and wild women, and a great many "*other wild beasts* *." They are here called wild men precisely as the ourang-outang is to this day called the "wild man of the woods:" nay, this is the very meaning of the words *ourang-outang* in the language of the Malays. The pigmies are enumerated amongst animals by a few others of the ancient writers.

Some of the writers of the middle ages have attempted to prove that they were men, and, in favour of their hypothesis, have adduced the vulgate translation of the 27th chapter of Ezekiel, in which the word *gammadim* is rendered *pygmei*. But the Septuagint has it "watch-"man," and in our translation the word *gammadim* is retained. This, therefore, can be considered as of no authority for them; and in every other point they have equally failed.

On this subject the impudence of Isaac Vossius is truly admirable. With all that self-sufficiency for which he was noted, and with a degree of incredulity extremely unusual to him, he roundly asserts the whole to have been a fable: "I am astonished," says he, "that "Aristotle should have seriously affirmed that "the accounts of the pigmies, and of their "fighting with cranes, were not fictious. "If a man were to travel over the whole of "Africa, he would not see either a crane or "a pigmy †!" In refutation of this unfounded and ridiculous assertion it is only necessary to say, that in Africa there are, at this day, not only several species of cranes, but that in many parts of that continent there are immense numbers of the apes called chimpanzees, which are without tails, and often walk upright like men; and even in their face have a rude resemblance to the human countenance.

When all the circumstances respecting the champanzee, and what has been asserted of the pigmies, are duly compared, there seems satisfactory evidence for supposing that they must have been one and the same creature. There can, therefore, be little doubt but that both the satyrs and pigmies of the ancients were apes, which the fears, credulity, and superstition, of ignorant and barbarous people elevated to gods and men.

In the ensuing number we shall speak of the modern history of these animals; and insert some curious anecdotes repecting them.

* Herodot. in Melpomene, seu lib. iv.

† Is. Vossius de Nili aliorumque fluminum origine, cap. 16.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

RETROSPECT OF LITERATURE,

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

(Concluded from page 443.)

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

BY far the most important work that has appeared in this branch of science, within the period to which we confine our retrospect, and, indeed, the most masterly work on the subject, which exists in this or any other language, is Mr. Malthus's "*Essay on the Principles of Population.*" As this is a book which has excited much attention both in this country and on the Continent, we shall endeavour to give our readers such an abstract of its general features, as will enable them to form their own judgment of its excellence. In an enquiry concerning the future improvement of society, concerning which the French philosophers, and some of our own countrymen have written so largely, Mr. Malthus remarks, that the mode of conducting the subject which naturally presents itself is, first, an investigation of the causes that have hitherto impeded the progress of mankind towards happiness; and, secondly, an examination into the probability of the total or partial removal of those causes in future. *The great cause*, according to Mr. Malthus's hypothesis, *is the tendency in all animated life to increase beyond the nourishment prepared for its support.*

Man, in common with all animals and plants, is excited by a powerful instinct to increase his species; and if the germs of animal and vegetable existence contained in this spot of earth had ample room for expansion, and ample food for subsistence, millions of worlds would be filled in the space of a few thousand years, with animal and vegetable existencies. But this natural fecundity is repressed by want of nourishment; and that it must ever be so repressed, will appear from a comparison of the two rules of increase, that of the productions of the earth under the most favourable circumstances of human industry, and that of the increase of population, when left to exert itself with perfect freedom. Mr. Malthus pronounces that population, when unchecked, goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years, and thus increases in a geometrical ratio. The rate, according to which the production of the earth may be supposed to increase, it will not be so easy to determine; when acre has been added to acre, till all the fertile land is occupied, the yearly increase of food must depend upon the amelioration of the land already in possession. "This "is a stream," says Mr. Malthus, "which, "from the nature of all soils, instead of increasing, must be gradually diminishing. "But population, could it be supplied with "food, would go on with unexhausted vigour, "and the increase of one period would furnish "the powers of a greater increase to the next, "and this without any limit." Pursuing his chain of argument, Mr. Malthus says, "Let it "be granted, that by the best possible policy, "and by great encouragement to agriculture, "the average produce of Great Britain, for instance, might be doubled, together with its "population, in the first twenty-five years. "Population goes on uninterruptedly, and in "the second twenty-five years, becomes quadrupled. But can it be supposed, that by any "system of policy and encouragement, the produce of the soil of Great Britain could also "be quadrupled in the second twenty-five "years? On the contrary, is it not an almost "self-evident proposition, that in proportion "as the cultivation is extended, the addition "that could yearly be made to the former average produce must be gradually and regularly diminishing?" Mr. Malthus, however, to give the vantage ground to his opponents, concedes that the yearly additions which might be made to the former average produce, instead of decreasing, as they certainly would do, would remain the same; that is to say, that the produce of this island might be increased every twenty-five years by a quantity equal to what it at present produces. "The most enthusias-"tic speculator," says he, "cannot suppose a "greater increase than this: in a few centuries "it would make every acre of land like a gar-"den. Apply this to the whole earth; allow "that its produce shall every twenty-five years "be increased by a quantity equal to what it at "present produces, and this will be supposing "a rate of increase much greater than we can "imagine any possible exertions of mankind "could make it. The means of subsistence, "therefore, under the most favourable circum-

" stances, cannot possibly be made to increase " faster than in an *arithmetical* ratio, while hu- " man population, under the most favourable " circumstances, would increase in a *geome- " trical* ratio."

" The necessary effect of these two different " rates of increase," says Mr. Malthus, " when " brought together will be very striking. Let " us call the population of this island eleven " millions; and suppose the present produce " equal to the easy support of such a number. " In the first twenty-five years the population " would be twenty-two millions; and the food " being also doubled, the means of subsistence " would be equal to this increase. In the next " twenty-five years the population would be " forty-four millions, and the means of sub- " sistence only equal to the support of thirty- " three millions. In the next period the po- " pulation would be eighty-eight millions, and " the means of subsistence just equal to the " support of half that number. And at the " conclusion of the first century, the popula- " tion would be a hundred and seventy-six " millions, and the means of subsistence only " equal to the support of fifty-five millions, " leaving a population of a hundred and " twenty-one millions totally unprovided for.

" Taking the whole earth, instead of this " island, emigration of course would be ex- " cluded; and supposing the present popula- " tion equal to a thousand millions, the human " species would increase as 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, " 64, 128, 256, and subsistence as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, " 6, 7, 8, 9. In two centuries the population " would be to the means of subsistence as 259 " to 9, and in two thousand years the difference " would be almost incalculable. In this sup- " position no limits whatever are placed to the " produce of the earth. It may increase for " ever, and be greater than any assignable " quantity; yet still the power of population " being in every period so much superior, the " increase of the human species can only be " kept down to the level of the means of sub- " sistence, by the constant operation of the " strong law of necessity acting as a check " upon the greater power."

Having shewn Mr. Malthus's principle, we must now proceed to the application of it. M. Condorcet, in France, and Mr. Godwin, in England, have endeavoured to establish the doctrine of the perfectibility of human nature, and argued that all the vice and misery that exist in society, proceed from the imperfection of human institutions. Mr. Malthus considers the mal-influence of human institutions as perfectly insignificant, compared with those deeper seated causes of evil, which result from the laws of nature, or, in other words, from the principle of population; and, in our judgment, he has completely succeeded in overturning the speculations of those philosophers, and has proved, by arguments which cannot be refuted, that could vice and misery be banished from the world, by any regulations of human wisdom, the progressive increase of population would, in a short time, infallibly produce their re-appearance.

The length of the preceding article, which the high character of Mr. Malthus and the just reputation his work has acquired, rendered unavoidable, obliges us to curtail this head of our retrospect. Yet we must not pass over, without repectful notice, Sir F. M. Eden's " *Obser-* " *vations on Friendly Societies for the Mainte-* " *nance of industrious Classes, during Sickness,* " *Infirmity, and other Exigencies.*" According to the calculation of this amiable and excellent philanthropist, whose works we have always opened with pleasure, and never concluded without instruction, the aggregate number of benefit societies in England and Wales is 7200, which, on an average of 90 members belonging to each society, makes a total of 648,000 persons united for the relief of each other. The plan of a benefit society, as stated by the worthy Baronet, which is established on a very simple principle, in the county of Ayr, in Scotland, deserves to be generally known. It consists of about fifty members, and is called the Penny or Halfpenny Society. It has no funds which can be embezzled; but, when a brother is confined to his bed by sickness, every member pays him a penny a week; and if he should go out, but not to work, a halfpenny. This in a cheap country like Scotland may be sufficient aid, and it has this advantage, that the members need not, as is too much the case with benefit societies in the metropolis, waste any of their time in ale-houses, in settling the accounts of the society.

Another work, which it would be unpardonable to pass without notice, in a retrospect like this, is, " *The West Indian Common* " *Place Book*," by Sir William Young, the friend and biographer of Mr. Bryan Edwards, and one of our most opulent colonial proprietors. This work, the fruit of more than twenty-two years attention to West India affairs, with the best opportunities of becoming thoroughly master of all the subjects connected with them, ought to have a place in the library of every West India merchant, and the vast

number of official documents and parliamentary reports, which it contains, will render it highly valuable to the future historian and the future legislator of those distant and important possessions.

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, &c.

Of late years this class of publications has been wonderfully increased, so that if we except the interior of Africa, where little has been done, and much remains to be performed, there are now very few regions of the earth, which the perseverance of travellers has not enabled them to give us some accounts of. This is to be attributed to a more general diffusion of knowledge in our times, compared with those of twenty or thirty years back, and the encouragement afforded to authors and publishers, by the numerous reading societies and circulating libraries, which are now established, some of them on a most magnificent scale, in every part of the kingdom. Another cause to which the increase of these literary productions is attributable, is the effect of the French revolution. That stupendous civil convulsion has been the means of calling into existence almost as numerous an host of travellers, tourists, letter-writers, or by whatever names they have chosen to designate themselves, as of statesmen, politicians, and historians, who have sprung from that Cadmean field of crimes and disorders. A mere recapitulation of the titles of those books, to which the celebrated expedition to Egypt gave rise, would exceed the limits to which we are of necessity obliged to confine this article. Still less could we pretend to give our readers a list of those ready writers, who took advantage of the late precarious peace, to flock to the Continent, and, on their return, amused the public, under various forms, and at various prices, with the wonders of revolutionized France. For more than six months the press groaned with their number, and the Reviews were full of "*Tours in France*," "*Rambles*," "*Trips*," "*Visits*," "*Letters*," or whatever else the author's fancies led them to call them, so that a person, who was much in the habit of reading the Reviews of that period, and gathered most of his ideas from them, declared, that they were so full of Paris, that though he had been born in London, and was never farther from it than the distance of a watering place, he knew more of the metropolis of France than he did of his native capital.

To pass over the superficial travellers, and return to those whose names deserve to be preserved, we shall observe, that by far the most important work to which the expedition to Egypt gave birth, is "*Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt*," &c. &c. by *Vivant Denon*. He was at the head of the French savans, selected by the National Institute to accompany the army to Egypt, and he enjoyed the particular confidence of the Commander in Chief. Under these circumstances it may be conceived, that M. Denon viewed the country with advantages which no ordinary traveller could possess, and having before been favourably known to the literati of Europe by his travels in Sicily, his work was received with general avidity. If it does not quite come up to the expectations which were formed of it from M. Denon's previous literary character, and the knowledge of the high auspices under which it was published, it is certainly the most splendid and magnificent work on Egypt that has hitherto appeared. Three translations have been made of it into English, but two of them are mere abridgements, and those executed in a careless and slovenly style. Mr. Arthur Aikin's translation is a spirited and well executed performance; it contains the whole original work, and has the same number of engravings.

Next after M. Denon's celebrated work, "*Travels in Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, and across the Desert into Egypt*," by *William Wittman, M. D.* may be regarded as the most important production that the invasion of Egypt has occasioned. Dr. Wittman, if he did not travel with all the advantages that attended M. Denon's mission, had opportunities of observation afforded him, from his professional connection with the army of the Grand Vizier, which have seldom, if ever, fallen to the lot of any British individual, and he has industriously availed himself of them.

Of the military transactions in Egypt, the fullest accounts are those which have been published in French, by General Regnier, and since translated into English; and Sir Robert Wilson's "*History of the British Expedition to Egypt.*" There is a striking difference in those accounts, which we must leave it to military men to reconcile; but after the late experience which General Regnier has had of the valour of the British forces in Calabria, we think he will be cautious for the future how he accuses our troops of timidity, or our generals of incapacity. And Sir Robert Wilson, who, we believe, is now at the head-quarters of the allies in Poland, if he should think proper to write the history of the campaign on the Vistula, will render his work more interesting, if he will take greater pains to authenticate his facts. We throw out this hint to Sir Robert without meaning in the least to impeach his

statements, but, certainly, some of them would have come to us with more authority, had he been more precise in detailing the sources from whence he derived them.

The Rev. Cooper Willyam's "*Voyage up the Mediterranean, in his Majesty's Ship the Swiftsure, one of the Squadron under the Command of Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K. B.*," is a well written and animated production; and the description it contains of the battle of the Nile, of which the author was an eye witness, is the best account of that celebrated engagement that we have ever met with. But the engravings, with which the work is disfigured, add to its price without adding to its value. Engravings are, at best, but unsubstantial images of realities, and, when they present us with views, give us masses without forms. Unless a Claude Loraine or a Gainsborough should arise among our travellers, we wish our voyagers and tourists would content themselves with giving us representations of remarkable buildings, palaces, streets, and such other objects, as are within the compass of their proficiency in the arts successfully to imitate. Sir John Carr, of whom we shall have occasion to make mention hereafter, has eminently succeeded in this way. He has put us in possession of views of some of the most beautiful buildings in Europe. We are convinced at first sight of their general accuracy, and we form a tolerable idea of the buildings themselves from his delineations of them. To illustrate our ideas on the subject, in a very few words, we should prefer a book of travels which should contain an inveterate likeness of the Rialto, and such celebrated erections, if they were only of the value of twelve-penny prints, to another which should give us only distant views, though drawn even in the best style of the younger Cosens.

Among our English travellers, who have lately visited the continent, Mr. Holcroft holds the first rank; and, his "*Travels in Germany, Holland, Flanders, and France, to Paris,*" may fairly vie with any similar publication in the English language, whether we consider the beauty and fidelity of the engravings with which his work is embellished, or the literary merits of the composition. The merits of Mr. Holcroft as a successful dramatic writer have long been known to the public; and it is not too much to say, that all that nice delineation of character, and terseness of reflection, which about twenty years ago so strongly recommended his "*Road to Ruin*" to the favour of the town, are to be found in his present volumes. The late Dr. Moore's "*Letters from France and Italy,*" and Mr. Coxe's "*Travels in Poland, Russia, Denmark, Sweden,*" &c. have been justly admired for the faithful portraiture which those writers have presented us of the counties through which they passed: Mr. Holcroft's volumes possess the same recommendations; they are equally distinguished for liveliness of narrative, richness of anecdote, and an accumulation of valuable and interesting facts.

Another dramatic writer of great celebrity, M. Kotzebue, has added to the reputation he already so deservedly possessed, by the publication of his travels in various parts of Europe. It would not be easy to point out in this or any other language, a more interesting narrative than his "*Account of his Exile into Siberia,*" and of the other extraordinary incidents which happened to him in Russia. And his "*Travels from Berlin to Paris,*" and "*Travels through Italy,*" are well calculated to make us acquainted with the modern state of those countries. Few living writers can lay a stronger claim to the knowledge of the human heart and human feelings than M. Kotzebue, witness the success of his dramatic pieces, equally the delight of Vienna and of Paris, of Petersburgh and of London. As a traveller his merits are not so conspicuous as a dramatist; but nothing falls from his pen that is unworthy of a man of taste and feeling.

Mr. Barrow's "*Travels in China,*" and "*Travels into the interior of Southern Africa,*" are valuable additions to this department of English literature. Mr. Barrow was secretary to the Earl of Macartney, on his embassy to the court of Pekin, and he held the same situation when his lordship was governor at the Cape of Good Hope. His publications, therefore, carry with them something like the seal of authority.

"*Voyages from Montreal, on the River St. Lawrence, through the Continent of North America, to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans, in the Years* 1789 *and* 1793," by Alexander Mackenzie, Esq. These voyages rank Mr. Mackenzie among our first nautical adventurers: his crew consisted only of a few Indians and Canadian boat-men, who were paid by himself, and his only vessel was his own canoe. Mr. Mackenzie, if he had effected nothing more, would have been entitled to high consideration for having proved that there is no practicable north-west passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The solution of this question has long been a desideratum in

geography; but thanks to our indefatigable voyager's perseverance, it may now be considered as settled for ever.

Captain Burney's "*Chronological History of the Discoveries in the South Sea, or Pacific Ocean,*" is a work worthy of the pupil and companion of the immortal Cook, and will render the name of Burney as illustrious in navigation, as his father has rendered it in music, his brother in ancient literature, and the amiable authoress of Cecilia in the walks of fiction. We sincerely wish Captain Burney health and perseverance to prosecute his arduous undertaking.

The mention of Captain Burney's invaluable work leads us to the consideration of the "*Collection of Modern and Contemporary Voyages and Travels,*" of which five volumes have appeared, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most interesting and important publications of the present day. Captain Burney's work is on a more scientific (this on a more popular) plan; but each are excellent in their kind, and we rejoice in the opportunity of recommending such works to the notice of the public.

The labours of Sir John Carr remain to be noticed. We can scarcely hope to add to the reputation which this lively and sensible writer has so justly acquired, but we should act with a great want of candour towards him, were we to withhold our thanks for the pleasure and instruction we have derived from the perusal of his "*Northern Summer, or Travels round the Baltic;*" his "*Stranger in Ireland;*" and his "*Travels through Holland and along the Rhine to Mentz.*" It is seldom our good fortune to accompany a traveller so full of natural humour, poignant wit, and happy observation; and, like persons who have met in a stage coach, and been pleased with each others company, but must separate when they come to the end of their journey, so, when we have come to the end of his volumes, we have always parted from Sir John with regret. The engravings to his different tours are executed in a very handsome manner, and, as far as we can judge from the objects they represent, which we have seen, are very faithful and correct views of the places they exhibit. On the whole, Sir John may justly rank with the Swinburnes and Brydones of a former period.

Few modern publications in this class of literature have been received with more favour by the public, or more indulgence by the critics, than a "*Voyage round the World, in the Years 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, and 1804,*" by *John Turnbull.* This navigator sailed on a mercantile adventure to the north-west coast of America; and, in the course of his voyage, touched at Madeira, Brazil, the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, Norfolk Island, and the Society and Sandwich Islands. His vessel being lost at the latter, Mr. Turnbull was compelled to remain some months at Otaheite, which afforded him an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that and the neighbouring islands than he could otherwise have had. Accordingly, this is the most interesting and curious part of Mr. Turnbull's narrative; and he presents us with a more accurate and striking picture of the Otaheitans than any preceding visitors have been able to give. His account of Tamahama, the chief, in particular, is highly interesting. Mr. Turnbull represents him as a very extraordinary personage, and that he has profited greatly by his intercourse with Europeans. His palace is built after the European style, of brick, and with glazed windows, having European and American artificers about him of almost every description. But the most remarkable feature in the character of this unlettered chieftain seems to be his attention to the creation of a naval force. It was only in 1792, that Captain Vancouver laid down the keel of his first vessel, and when Mr. Turnbull was at Otaheite, he had upwards of twenty vessels of different sizes, from twenty-five to fifty tons: some of them were even coppered.—Our limits will not allow us to make an extract from this work, but we can safely recommend it to the public, and particularly to the younger classes of readers. It is written in a style of manly simplicity; and is evidently the production of a strong and discriminating mind.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

We do not wish to be enrolled among those critics, who can see no merits in the works of contemporary writers, and have no applauses to bestow except on such productions as have acquired the venerable rust of antiquity. We perfectly agree with Sterne, that, of all cants, the cant of criticism is the most detestible; and whenever we meet with an English writer, who, criticising an unfortunate author, says, "this is not as it would have been written in "the Augustan age of English literature," (which means, according to different conceptions, either the reign of Elizabeth and the early part of James the first, the reign of Charles II. or that of Anne, which, having

the least pretensions to such a distinction, has the greatest number of blockheads to cry it up as the *real* Augustan age of our literature), we turn aside from the critic, and beg leave to decline all further intercourse with him. The foppery of the phrase Augustan age originated in some of the courtiers of Louis XIV.: the wits of England soon adapted it in their country, naturalized it to the soil, and, according to their estimate of different periods, bestowed the epithet of Augustan where they were most partial. We have before said that the reign of Queen Anne is most commonly regarded as the Augustan era of English literature; but, should a rigid critic proceed upon this supposition, and expunge from his library all books which were not composed in this golden age of learning, would he not have to lament the loss of Shakspeare, Johnson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Cowley and Milton, among our poets; Jewel, Hooker, Taylor, and Usher, among our divines; Bacon, among our philosophers; More, among our politicians; Raleigh and Clarendon among our historians, and many more whose names it would now be tedious to enumerate, to say nothing of those of more remote times, or of those of times approaching nearer to our own: It is in truth hard to decide whether folly or envy have most concern in such fantastic distinctions. That critic will best perform his duty to his own age and to posterity, who, with a proper regard to antiquity, and the lights we have received from the labours of the sages who have lived in past ages, shall render justice to living merit, and freely bestow, where he thinks it due, his meed of applause on contemporary worth.

If we were disposed to institute a comparison between the present state of literature, and the state of literature in this country at former periods, we doubt not but that the comparison would turn out to the advantage of our own times. But as this is not our object, we must be content briefly to mention those articles of miscellaneous literature, which we judge most worthy of the public attention. The first description of works of this kind, that we shall notice, is a class of literary compositions, which, in this country, is nearly new. We allude to the *Anas*, a great variety of which have been published of late years. This species of literature was once extremely popular in France, and, we believe, fills more than eighty volumes. A few of them have occasionally fallen into our hands, and we have turned over them with mingled sensations of amusement and fatigue. Of the English *Anas* but a few have fallen in our way; the best that we have seen, are the *Swiftiana*, which is enriched with some curious original communications respecting the celebrated dean of St. Patrick's, by his relative Mr. Theophilus Swift; the *Walpoliana*, which is the production of a gentleman who has distinguished himself in the various walks of literature, and relates to a nobleman less distinguished for his birth and rank, than for his wit, varied literary attainments, and inexhaustible fund of anecdote; and the *Addisoniana*, the compilation of an anonymous editor. None of the French *Anas* that we have had the fortune to meet with are better executed, more amusing, or more instructive, than those we have mentioned, but we cannot say more in their favour. They are all inferior to the "*Table Talk of* "*John Selden.*"

Of late years some valuable additions have been made to the miscellaneous stock of English literature, by the publication of the posthumous papers of persons of eminence. Among these we can mention with satisfaction, the "*Letters and other Works of Lady Mary* "*Wortley Montagu*;" "*The Correspondence* "*between the Countess of Hartford, and the* "*Countess of Pomfret*;" and the "*Life and* "*entire Correspondence of Samuel Richardson.*" But the most valuable work in this class, is a small volume of "*Letters*," written by the late Earl of Chatham, to his nephew, Thomas Pitt, Esq. (afterwards Lord Camelford) when at Cambridge. These letters came into the hands of Lord Grenville on the death of his brother in law, the late Lord Camelford, and were soon after published, with a dedication to Mr. Pitt. Lord Grenville has introduced these letters by a Preface, which will rank his name high in the list of noble authors: it is written with classic elegance, and is worthy of being transmitted to posterity with the letters themselves.

We omitted to notice in our agricultural article, Mr. Middleton's "*View of the Agricul-* "*ture of Middlesex*, &c. &c. *drawn up for the* "*Consideration of the Board of Agriculture.*" This work is worthy of the great and opulent county to which it relates, and is, perhaps, taken altogether, the best county survey that has yet appeared. After the commendations that have been bestowed upon it, by some of the first characters in the nation, in both houses of parliament, particularly by the late Mr. Pitt, our applause may seem superfluous; yet, having given the work more than one attentive perusal, and received more instruction from it than we ever remember to have derived from a

similar publication, it would be injustice not to make our acknowledgments to the author. If Mr. Colquhoun's "*Police of the Metropolis*," which we have more than once had occasion to say is a superficial treatise, is in the hands of every man of opulence in the vicinity of the capital, the present work is ten times more deserving the attention of readers of that class, and the only parts of his work, where Mr. Middleton seems assailable, are those where he relies too confidently on Mr. Colquhoun's authority. Where he thinks for himself, and collects his own facts, Mr. Middleton is *omni exceptione major*.

If any proofs were wanting of the general diffusion of knowledge at the present day, for which we are disposed very strenuously to contend, they might be drawn from the multiplied editions of dictionaries of arts and sciences, many of them compiled by persons of the highest literary character, that have appeared within the space of a very few years. Several large editions of the English Cyclopedia, edited by Dr. Rees, having been disposed of, as well as two voluminous Scotch Encyclopedias, that indefatigable editor has undertaken to revise his work, and called to his assistance men of eminence in almost every branch of science. Several volumes of the new Cyclopedia have been published, and they no way derogate from the reputation which Dr. Rees has acquired in this species of composition. It has, however, been a matter of complaint with many, that the larger Encyclopedias are too voluminous and expensive works for general use, and that the editors of them have been more solicitous to add to the size and number of their volumes, than studious to digest their matter within a reasonable compass. Hence articles which might have been comprized in a column, without any loss to the general reader, have been swelled into treatises, and the bulk and expence of these works are, thereby, very unnecessarily increased. This fault is remarkably prominent in the metaphysical articles, where whole pages are often employed in refuting preceding statements, or, what is quite as idle, in detailing the metaphysics of the Scotch universities. The new "*Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*," edited by Dr. Gregory, is exempt from this fault, and may justly be considered as one of the most valuable books in the English language. Nothing is omitted in it that a work of this kind ought to contain, and no article is extended beyond what is practically useful. A dictionary of this kind is intended for two purposes: first, as a book of reference, to lie on the table of a man of letters, for occasional consultation where recollection has failed, or where a subject occurs in reading or conversation which had not previously come within the course of his studies. The second is, to serve as an introductory or elementary work for students, or for those who may not have leisure to bestow on the great works of science, or to travel through the many volumes which at this time almost every branch of knowledge includes. Both these purposes will be answered by Dr. Gregory's Dictionary better than by any other work extant in our language; and the learned author, by compressing it into two volumes, without omitting any useful matter, has rendered it accessible to readers of every description.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

If numbers constituted excellence, we should have no reason to complain of our poets or our dramatists; but alas! this is not the case; and we fear we shall be able to make out but a very meagre catalogue of the votaries of the muses, who have distinguished themselves within the period to which our retrospect refers. To speak first of a rustic bard; Robert Bloomfield has added to the reputation he so justly acquired some years ago by his "*Farmer's Boy*," by the publication of "*Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs*;" and another poet has sprung up in the same family, Nathaniel Bloomfield, who, from the specimen we have had of his talents, bids fair to rival his elder brother.

As we have already expressed our opinion at some length on the poetical talents of Messrs. Moore, Scott, and Herbert, who all rank high among the poets of the present day, it would be superfluous to repeat it here. "*The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems*," by James Montgomery, we can recommend as a volume which would do honour to a name of established celebrity; nor is Mr. Gillespie's "*Progress of Refinement*" entitled to less praise. Here we are afraid we must stop. Within the period to which we confine ourselves, there have been published at least half a dozen epic poems and as many metrical romances, but as we have never looked into them, it would be exceedingly unfair for us to pretend to pass a judgment upon them.

Of the plays that have been published, the best is Mr. Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "*Wallenstein*." This is one of the few works where the translation surpasses the original. Neither must the tragedy of "*John Wood-*

"*ville*" be passed over without applause; it abounds in poetical beauties, and rich flashes of wit, very rare to be found in the works of modern poets. The "*Honey Moon*" and the "*Curfew*," do honour to the late Mr. Tobin; and who can suppress a sigh, that such a man should have been suffered to slide into his grave unnoticed and unknown, while such writers as Reynolds, and Dibdin, and Cherry, have rioted on the public favour, and made the amusements of our stage a sort of bye word for whatever is low, contemptible, and absurd.

NOVELS.

In this class of publications our knowledge is not very extensive. The best we have met with are, Miss Owenson's "*Wild Irish Girl*," and "*The Novice of St. Dominick.*" Both these works display qualifications far superior to the general herd of novel writers. Miss Edgeworth's "*Leonora*" too is entitled to praise, but it is inferior to her "*Castle-Rack-rent.*" The "*Story of Old Blind Margaret and Rosamond Grey*" is excellent in its kind, and will afford a delightful treat to all who are admirers of Mackenzie's style of composition.

Messrs. Holcroft, Surr, Godwin, and Siddons, have published novels of which the critics in general have spoken favourably, but as we have not had an opportunity of appreciating their merits, we dare not venture to speak of them.

EDUCATION.

Nothing, in our judgment, so clearly marks the good sense of the present age, as the attention which is now paid to the composition of works of education. This is one of those important improvements which promise to be of the greatest advantage to the future state of society. It was formerly the custom, in teaching children to read, to put into their hands no other than dull books of abstract moral precept, but as too many *facts* cannot be impressed upon the young mind, and as we have now books elegantly written upon almost every subject, it is clear that while the pupil is learning to read, he may at the same time be initiated, without any additional expence or trouble, into the various branches of useful knowledge. Formerly education went little farther than to inculcate an acquaintance with *words*, but now it happily extends to a knowledge of *things*. Thus to be ignorant of the situation and condition of different countries, and of the position of particular places, to be unacquainted with the great events which history has recorded, or with the times and characters of distinguished personages, and not to understand the ordinary phenomena of nature, would at present be treated with ridicule, even among the common classes of life. Formerly books of education were written by the lowest class of school-masters, in a taste so execrable, that it is a matter of surprise how they could have been tolerated for a single day among a polished people. At the present day our school books are written by persons of first rate taste and genius, and they may very fairly vie with the most elegant compositions in our language.

An excellent review of these works is to be found in a "*Guide to Parents and Tutors, in the Choice and Use of Books in every Branch of Education;*" by J. Collins, A. M.; but as that manual may not have fallen in every one's way, we think it our duty to notice those works for the use of young persons, which, in our judgment, are particularly deserving of commendation. Among these, the publications of Mrs. H. More, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Barbauld, and Dr. Mavor, are deserving of the highest encomiums; nor should the labours of Mr. Burney, the master of the Naval Academy at Portsmouth, be passed over without notice. His "*Naval Plutarch,*" compiled for the use of young gentlemen in the navy, is one of the best written juvenile books that we ever remember to have seen. The materials have been collected with indefatigable industry, the style is chaste and classical, and many of his periods remind us of the happiest efforts of Gibbon. Blair's "*Class Book*" too is admirably calculated for the improvement of young persons; and the "*History of England to the Peace of Amiens, 1802,*" by the late Mrs. Charlotte Smith, is worthy of the high reputation of that distinguished writer.

The works of amusement for the use of young persons are almost without number, and many of them excellent in their kind. "*Tales, taken from Shakspeare, by C. Lamb,*" is one of the best books of this class, and may be read with pleasure and advantage by persons advanced in life. Mr. Lamb is not only master of Shakspeare's phraseology, but he enters with true spirit and feeling into his matchless delineations of character. "*Popular Stories,*" consisting of new and improved translations or revised editions of the tales, legends, and romances hitherto held in general estimation, and the "*Travels of Rolando round the World,*" from the French of Jauffret, may be recommended as elegant and entertaining works of this class.

Many other very excellent books might be properly noticed in this place; but to enumerate them all would far exceed our limits, and might tend to weary the patience of our readers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

L'ŒIL ET L'OREILLE.

A MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE M———.

SE pavanant de son secrét mérite
L'Oreil un jour voulut attaquer l'Œil;
Car l'amour propre aisément nous excite,
Et du plus sage est quelque fois l'écuil:
Ici l'Oreille eut pu se voir confondre,
Dans la dispute, elle devoit trembler,
Car elle entend, mais ne sauroit repondre,
Tandis qu'on voit des yeux très bien parler.
Mais très souvent une langue indiscrete
Fait parler ceux qui ne parlent jamais:
L'Oreille avoit besoin d'un intérprête:
La Langue alors vint s'offrir tout exprès.
L'Œil s'en servit, (sans peine on le devine)
Car même eut-il parlée, tout de son mieux,
Jamais l'Oreille et delicat, et fine,
N'eut entendu le langage des yeux:
(Voici comment ils parlérent avec le sécour de la langue.)

L'OREILLE.

De mon état j'ai bien lieu d'être fiére!
J'apprends par fois ceque ne se voit pas!

L'ŒIL.

Vous vous croyez peut-être la première,
A tout savoir quand on vous parle bas!
C'est en vain que pour vous par un chant merveile;
On a beau prendre un air mysterieux!
Plus d'un sécrét qui se dit à l'oreille,
Depuis long-tems, quelque fois saute aux yeux.

L'OREILLE.

Malgré ses yeux, plus d'un sot n'y voit goute:
On est aveugle, en y voyant très bien——

L'ŒIL.

Quoique avec vous aisément il écoute,
A ce qu'on dit, plus d'un sot n'entend rien.

L'OREILLE.

De Rien! jamais nous ne sommes surprises—
Et tout surprend les yeux depuis long-tems.

L'ŒIL.

Vous entendez pourtant bien des sottises!

L'OREILLE.

Vous en voyez plus que je n'en entends.

L'ŒIL.

Mon doux langage en ce siécle seconde
Bien mieux que vous les tendres amoureux.

L'OREILLE.

S'il n'existoit que des yeux dans le monde?

L'ŒIL.

Les yeux du moins pourroient s'entendre entre eux.

L'OREILLE.

S'il n'existoit aussi que des Oreilles?

L'ŒIL.

Vous conviendrez qu'on ne s'entendroit pas;
Tout en osant vous dire sans pareilles
Que pourriez nous seule faire ici bas?
Ce trait brilliant décida la quérélle,
Heureux Amants! sachez le prix des yeux;
Entendre, est doux, lorsqu'on entend sa belle,
Mais doux regards entend souvent au mieux!
De plus, un œil aisément peut tout dire,
Avec les yeux sans peine, on s'entretient;
C'est dans les yeux que l'Amour met son empire;
Ah! c'est aux yeux que le prix appartient.

THE DOCTOR AND LADY.

A SAGE physician (in this sapient age
Pray what physician thinks he is not sage?)
When all his daily labours were fulfill'd,
His patients cur'd, sometimes his patients kill'd,
Would, undisturb'd by meddling conscience, dine,
And freely drink a gen'rous glass of wine.
It happen'd once, when fever, cough, and gout,
Kept many a trifler from the play, and rout;
That, quite exhausted with his rattling rounds,
In the gay west, or gloomy city-bounds,
His usual dose he ventur'd to exceed,
A jovial scorner of Sangrado's creed.
Well—so inclin'd, what quantity would do?
Three bottles—monstrous! but he manag'd two.
Whilst thus with every joy his heart could prize,
Whilst fairy visions danc'd before his eyes,
A pressing summons from a lady came
His speedy presence, and advice, to claim.
He left his glass to succour sovereign beauty,
For pleasure ever must give way to duty.
When in the room arriv'd, the rush-light's glare
Eclips'd the radiance of the suffering fair,
And he, with solemn face, prepar'd to tell
The drugs and posets that should make her well.
But, mindless of the tenet of his tribe
That ever urges something to prescribe,
A certain dizzy swimming in his head
Admonish'd him he'd better go to bed.

Thus wisely thought, ah! few are wise in drink,
He bade the servant bring him pen and ink,
And, though his pride from this confession shrunk,
With true humility inscrib'd 'dead drunk.'
"Here, give your mistress this, and wrong or
"right,
"'Tis all that I, at present, can indite;
"But should she still require some aid of mine,
"Tell her I'll call to-morrow morn at nine."
At the appointed time old Galen came,
And trembling stood before the injur'd dame;
When she, with downcast look, and pallied hue,
In faltering voice exclaim'd—"'tis very true,
"But by the faith that you to woman owe,
"Dear doctor! never let my husband know."

J. H.

LINES

SENT TO A FRIEND WITH A SEAL, ON WHICH WAS ENGRAVEN THE WORD "*REMEMBER.*"

TAKE, take from my bosom this sigh, and away,
To the friend ne'er estrang'd my soul's greeting declare;
Oh! haste, faithful envoy, thy charge to convey,
Be thy welcome a smile, tho' thy farewell a tear.

Not tedious thy mission—one word, and 'tis told—
Alone to her eyes is its import confess'd;
For the heart's sacred science alone can unfold
The volume in those mystic letters compress'd.

"Remember"—"Remember"—Oh! sorcery of sound,
That calls lapsed time from oblivion's domain,
The sweet parted hours that blythely went round,
Hours ransom'd from care—they enchant me again.

Yes, once to this being such moments were born;
The sparkle of bliss, spite of destiny, glows,
And radiant alike are the gems of the morn
On the thorn's forked stem, and the balm-breathing rose.

"Remember"—that word to my soul's latent sight
Full oft shall her looks and her accents impart,
And in dreams, without slumber, the trance of delight,
The image I love shall commune with my heart.

Go, spell of affection—go, haste to my friend,
And mute tho' thou be, plead my cause in her breast;
In her haunts, on her solitude duly attend,
And oft woo her touch, and her glance oft arrest.

Ah! warn her from silence—'tis love's icy tomb,
The drear polar night, unpropitious, unkind,
At whose breath, brightest fancy, o'eraw'd, sinks in gloom,
Hope withers, and scatters her blossoms in wind.

Say, too, that deep-lodg'd in this heart is a cell,
To her image so sacred the nook, none may share,
Tho" homely secure, where her sorrows shall dwell,
Each wish find a welcome, a partner each care.

Farewell—of my faith the true pledge thou shall be,
When, homeless, with strangers, I come o'er the wave,
Or, haply, remain the sole legend of me,
When homeless no more—I repose in the grave.

P.

TO A GENTLEMAN WITH A RING.

FROM Friendship's hand, this little gift consign'd
Can wake no tumults in Horatio's breast;
The pledge of truth and gratitude combin'd,
And days gone by, in gayer colours drest.

Go, little toy, and, faithful to that trust,
Which Hope and Friendship delegate to thee,
Be to thy charge in hours of absence just,
And the soft tye of soothing sympathy.

Round thy bright form, let virtue's radiance play
To catch the glances of Horatio's eye;
Esteem shall gild it with her chastest ray,
And steal her sacred beam from memory.

And if in happier trust some cherish'd fair
Another ring shall ask with dearer name;
This still shall prove mild Friendship's guardian care,
And yield to Love's her unobtrusive claim.

Ee'n then thy soft regrets shall still be spared—
Still the bright witness of Horatio's joy;
Transferred from Friendship's hand be it thine to guard
A *plainer* but a far *more valued* toy.

M C.

FINE ARTS.

THE THIRTY-NINTH EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE, MAY 4, 1807.

(Concluded from page 453.)

No. 206. *Lord Nelson, when second lieutenant of the Lowestoffe frigate, Captain Locker, going to take possession of an American letter of marque, during a strong gale of wind, and a heavy sea; the first lieutenant having returned, and declared it impracticable.* R. WESTALL, R. A.

This picture is the first of a series of four, representing some of the leading transactions of the life of the illustrious Nelson; and, in our judgment, it is the best. The head of an old seaman in particular is excellent; but there is a stiffness and firmness in the posture of Nelson, which by no means accords with his situation. The only way he could have got into his boat on such an occasion, must have been by a jump, but he is represented with one foot on the gangway of the frigate, and the other in the boat, standing as firmly poised as if both had been immoveable.

No. 210. *Portraits of Sir F. Baring, Bart. J. Baring, and —— Wall, Esqs.* T. LAWRENCE, R. A.

We have heard this picture called a commercial consultation, but to say the truth it looks more like what we should call a counting-house quarrel. The colouring is rich and brilliant even to excess, but we are tempted to ask, is not propriety here sacrificed to effect? What might have been quite proper for merchants of Genoa or Florence, may not, in our humble opinion, be strictly calculated for the meridian of Throgmorton-street.

No. 211. *Lord Nelson, when commanding the Captain of 74 guns, with a broad pendant, R. W. Miller, Esq. commander, in the action off Cape St. Vincent, February 14, 1797, receiving the sword of the dying Spanish Commodore, after having boarded the San Nicholas, followed by Lieutenant Berry, and Captain Pearson: they immediately afterwards boarded and took the San Joseph.* R. WESTALL, R. A.

The fault of this picture is, that it is too much in the theatrical style; it is impossible to look at it for a moment without being reminded of those stage representations of combats, where every performer knows his appointed place, and is ready to fall at a given signal. We were never present at any of those glorious scenes of real warfare which Mr. Westall describes, but we suspect they are not managed with quite so much regularity as he has chosen to represent.

No. 212. *A Brazier's Shop at Patna, East Indies.* A. W. DEVIS.

No one who has not been in Bengal, can perfectly taste the beauties of this picture, or of

No. 219. *A Thrashing Floor, in Asia,* by the same artist.

These pictures are admirably characteristic of Asiatic manners, and in point of finish and execution will endure the closest inspection.

No. 218. *Rear Admiral Nelson, when in his barge, with its usual compliment of men, during the blockade of Cadiz, July 3, 1797, attacking a Spanish launch, with 30 men, which, after a severe conflict, he succeeded in carrying. On this occasion, Capt. Freemantle nobly supported the Admiral; and his coxswain, John Sykes, repeatedly saved his life.* R. WESTALL, R. A.

The same fault we complained of in Mr. Westall's former picture, predominates in this; namely, that it is too like a stage representation.

No. 221. *View from Val Ambrosa, looking towards Pisa; painted on the spot.* G. WALLIS.

This is one of the best landscapes in the exhibition, but, unluckily for the ingenious artist, it is hung so high, and in so bad a light, that few have an opportunity of seeing it.

No. 223. *Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, in the act of landing on the Mole of Tenariffe, in July 1797, dangerously wounded by a cannon shot in his right arm, which was afterwards amputated. Upon this occasion, his life was saved by the attention and presence of mind of his son-in-law, now Capt. Nesbit. Owing to the absence of this gentleman, his portrait is left unfinished.* R. WESTALL, R. A.

We consider this picture as the least happy effort of Mr. Westall's pencil. The Admiral had made good his landing, and was advancing

against the town, when he received the wound which deprived him of his right arm. Instead of this, Mr. Westall represents him as being in his barge. There are some particulars respecting the conduct of the gallant Admiral, which we imagine Mr. Westall must have been unacquainted with, or he might have told this part of his story with more historical truth, and happier scenic effect. The Admiral, as we have before said, had made good his landing at the Mole, and was pushing forward to the town, at the head of a gallant party, when his right hand was shot off by a ball, and he immediately fell. In the confusion, incident to an attack of this kind, made at midnight, some moments elapsed before the fall of the Admiral was perceived, and Lieutenant Nesbit, his son-in-law, returning back in search of him, found him stretched on the ground, and weltering in his blood. His first care was to bind up the wounded chief's arm with his neck-cloth by way of a *tourniquet*, and when the Admiral recovered his recollection, his first enquiry was to know what had become of his sword? It was a weapon he had a great regard for; and had been a present from a gallant officer, Capt. Maurice Suckling, his maternal uncle, which he had promised never to part with, while he had life to preserve it. The sword had fallen to the ground by the side of the hero, and, when it was presented to him, Nelson firmly grasped it with his left hand, related the story that it was his uncle's present, and repeated his declaration that he would never part with it while his life remained.—He was then conveyed to his barge.—This we should have thought a fine situation for a painter to describe, and wonder how it could have escaped Mr. Westall; for an historical painter, as well as an historian, is bound to consult every document that can throw light upon his subject. The boat in which the Admiral is conveying to his ship is wholly out of character; it reminded us of the boat in which Tom Idle, in Hogarth's prints of the *Idle and Industrious Apprentice*, is carried past Gallow's Point to the ship that is to transport him.

No. 227. *Rebekah at the Well.* G. A. WALLIS.

This is an exquisite painting, but, like the former picture of the same artist, which we had occasion to notice, is placed in so unfavourable a situation, that most visitors of the Royal Academy must pass it over unnoticed.

No. 237. *A Draught at the Draw Well; or the Shepherd's Daughter and Sailor Boy.* W. R. BIGG, A.

Truth, nature, and simplicity, are the characteristics of Mr. Bigg's pencil, and these are as happily expressed in this production, as in any of his former works.

No. 251. *The Arrival of the Post.* H. HOWARD, A.

"How oft the pangs of absence we remove,
"By letters,—soft interpreters of love."

This is a remarkably pleasing picture. A young enamoured female is eagerly devouring, by fire-light, the contents of a letter she has just received from her lover; while her mother, with her back to her, is attending to other concerns at a table. The expression of the girl's countenance is admirable, but the fire-light is too strong, and casts a hue over it, which we cannot commend. We are not of that class of the admirers of female beauty, who think a certain degree of sickly appearance necessary to heighten female charms.

ANTI-ROOM.

No. 255. *Portrait of a Favourite Dog in the possession of J. Robinson, Esq.* J. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

This picture, like all Mr. Northcote's portraits of animals, is excellent in its kind.

No. 284. *Portrait of the Rev. Samuel Parr, L. L. D.* J. OPIE, R. A.

This portrait has a double claim on our attention; first, in as much as it is the likeness of one of the most celebrated literary characters of the age, and, secondly, as it is one of the latest productions of the great artist whose death we have recently had occasion to record and lament. Had neither of these circumstances called our attention to this picture, we should still have spoken of it in terms of warm commendation. It is the best likeness of the doctor that we have ever seen, and though not quite sufficiently expressive of the profoundness of his mind, or the acuteness of his literary powers, still the resemblance is striking; and, (late and distant be the day) when the same HAND, which has removed the artist from this scene, shall deprive us too of the invaluable services of this luminous advocate of rational piety, of manly and constitutional freedom, and of sound and genuine criticism, this memorial of him will be regarded with veneration by those who loved and honoured him when living, and by all the great and the good whose unfeigned regrets will attend him to his tomb.

No. 315. *The Virgins of Innis-huna weeping over the Tombs of their Lovers.—Vide Ossian, Sulmalla of Lumore.* G. A. WALLIS.

This picture, like the others of the same artist that we have thought it our duty to notice,

is placed in an unfavourable situation. We are perfectly aware that the committee to whom the arrangement of the pictures is left, have a disagreeable task to perform, and that it is utterly impossible for them to give satisfaction to all the numerous exhibitors; but we cannot conceive it to have originated solely in accident, that three such pictures as those of this artist should be placed in situations, where the chance was, that the company would overlook them, or it was scarcely possible to form a right estimate of their merit.

No. 318. *Portrait of R. Phillips, Esq.* J. SAXON.

This is the portrait of a popular character, and the likeness is striking.

No. 323. *Littleden Tower, on the Tweed; Merton, the seat of Hugh Scott, Esq. and the Eildon Hills, at the foot of which stands Melrose.* J. WARD.

This is a beautiful landscape; the colouring is brilliant but subdued; and the effect of the rainbow charming.

COUNCIL-ROOM.

No. 333. *Duncan's Horses, &c. Vide* Macbeth. S. GILPIN, R. A.

This is but a sketch, nevertheless it is the sketch of a master.

No. 392. *Portrait of a Young Lady.* R. HUNT.

This is an interesting performance, and augurs very favourably of the young artist's future success.

No. 406. *A Sketch of the Entrance-Hall at Eaton, the seat of the Earl of Grosvenor, near Chester.* W. PORDEN.

The statues are proposed to be those of Rollo, the Dane; his uncle, the patriarch of the Grosvenor family; William the Conqueror; Hugh Lupus; and other distinguished ancestors and relatives. The pictures, the descent of Rollo on Normandy, the battles of Hastings and Cressy, the conquest of Cyprus, the siege of Acre, by Richard the First, and other actions, in which the Grosvenors were present. The architecture is already completed for their reception.

O! for the pencil of Hogarth to treat this tissue of vanity and conceit as it deserves, or the muse of Churchill to consign it to immortal ridicule. We can easily conceive that some men may take a laudable pride in their ancestors; who would not rather be the descendant of Cicero than of Mark Anthony? who would not have reason to be proud, if the blood of Algernon Sidney or Lord William Russel flowed in their veins? But from such ancestors as Rollo the Dane, and Hugh Lupus, the Augereans and Lasness of their day, who would not blush to own their descent?

No. 415. *The Consent.* J. R. SMITH.

The story of this picture, that of a simple pair exchanging their mutual vows, is pretty, and it has the merit of being well told.

No. 446. *An Officer's Lady, imagining she has descried the ship in which she expects the arrival of her husband.* J. R. SMITH.

This is an exquisite picture. Every feature is brightened up with the smile of conjugal affection, and the anticipated pleasure of meeting a beloved husband, returned safe and victorious from the toils of war.

No. 458. *Roslin Chapel and Castle*, taken from actual measurement on the spot, and from the Lay of the last Minstrel. J. GANDY, A.

This piece is illustrative of a story in a popular collection of poetry, and represents a chapel and castle blazing with supernatural fires. The image may be very awful in poetry, but it is ridiculous in a picture; and we feel pain for the artist, when he tells us that this solemn trifle is drawn from actual measurement.

No. 459. *Elements of the Female Fashions in the beginning of the nineteenth century.* W. M. CRAIG.

This picture cannot be unacceptable to the votaries of fashion.

No. 482. *Portraits of a Lady and her Nine Children—the Wife of J. Larking, Esq. of Clare Lodge, Ireland.* J. DOWNMAN, A.

This is an excellent picture; the grouping of the figures in particular is charming.

No. 497. *William of Deloraine taking the magic book from the grave of Michael Scott.* F. P. STEPHANOFF.

"And when the priest his death prayer had
"pray'd—
"Thus unto Deloraine he said:
"'Now speed thee what thou hast to do,
"Or, warrior, we may dearly rue;
"For those thou mayest not look upon,
"Are gathering fast round the yawning stone.'
"Then Deloraine in terror took
"From the cold hand the mighty book,
"With iron clasped, and with iron bound;
"He thought as he took it the dead man
frown'd."

Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.

This drawing, which we conjecture is meant for an embellished edition of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, is much superior to Mr. Gandy's Roslin Castle.

ANTIQUE ACADEMY.

No. 511. *Lusus in the Amphitheatre: from Marmontel.* R. HUNT.

This is a pleasing picture, and is finished with considerable neatness of design and execution.

No. 536. *His Majesty's ship Temeraire, Sir E. Harvey, Bart. Commander, boarded on each side by the Fogeux and Redoubtable; both of which ships she engaged and captured in the battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805.* N. POCOCK.

As we expressed some disapprobation of this artist's view of the British fleet, and of the combined fleets of France and Spain, as they appeared at the close of the battle of Trafalgar, we are happy of this opportunity of bestowing commendation. Mr. Pocock's merit as a marine painter has long been familiar to us, and with pleasure we add, the picture under our notice is worthy of his justly acquired reputation.

No. 548. *Regulus, when Prisoner, rejecting the entreaties of his Wife and the Senate to enter Rome, on his return from Carthage on parole.—Vide Val. Max. lib. 1 and 4.* H. SINGLETON.

The story of Regulus is known to every school-boy, it is therefore unnecessary to dwell upon it here; suffice it to say, that Mr. Singleton has produced a classical picture.

No. 552. *Portrait of Lord Cochrane.* P. E. STROCHLING.

This is a correct likeness of the noble lord, who is represented on ship-board, giving his orders during an engagement.

DE WILDE has some theatrical pieces in the exhibition, but as to notice one is to notice them all, we shall only say that No. 554. *Mr. Simmons as Jonathan Oldskirt, in "Who wants a Guinea,"* is equal to any of his former performances in this line.

No. 630. *Portrait of the Right Hon. G. Rose.* H. EDRIDGE.

We notice this as it stands the first production on the catalogue of an artist, whose pieces we have for many years been in the habit of admiring; but we are sorry to say, that, in the present exhibition, there seems something like a falling off in the productions of this ingenious artist's pencil.

No. 633. *Portrait of Mr. Landseer.* A. W. DEVIS.

This is an excellent portrait of an excellent artist.

No. 739. *Portrait of the late Marquis of Lansdowne, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, in enamel.* No. 745. *Nymph and Cupid, after Sir Joshua Reynolds; St. Agnes, after Domenichino; and Holy Family, after Anibal Caracci, in enamel; and* No. 747. *Portrait of a Lady, after T. Lawrence, R. A. in enamel;* all by H. BONE, A.

Are excellent in their kind, and well maintain the high reputation which Mr. Bone has so justly acquired in this branch of the art.

No. 752. *Wood Scene from Nature.* A. CALLANDER.

The subject of this piece is pleasing, and the execution possesses no common degree of merit.

MINIATURES.

The miniatures which have been exhibited at the Royal Academy this season, have been as numerous as ever, and, like all miscellaneous collections, of different degrees of value. The most striking that we noticed, were No. 796. *Portrait of Brigadier General Wetherall.* R. BULL.—No. 812. *Portrait of T. Hammersley, Esq. enamel.* H. HONE, A.—No. 843. *Portrait of Sir Joseph Banks.* MRS. SHARPLES.—And No. 884. *Portrait of the late Duke of Leinster.* R. BULL.—These all possess considerable merit, and are highly flattering to the talents and taste of the respective artists.

MODEL ACADEMY.

No. 943. *Elevation of a Bridge to cross the River Thames, near Vauxhall.* R. DODD.

Whether this bridge will ever be carried into execution, it is too much for us to affirm, but we shall probably hear something of it in the course of the second session of the new Parliament. If Mr. Dodd's plan be adopted, the new bridge will be the most elegant that has hitherto been thrown across the Thames.

No. 990. *Alto Relievo of marble, in memory of a son.* R. WESTMACOTT, A.

This is an exquisite piece of sculpture.

There are in the Model Academy several designs for monuments to the memory of the late Lord Nelson and Mr. Pitt, but none of them of sufficient interest to draw from us any particular observations.

In the architectural sketches the gothic style in general prevails; this is better than the Egyptian friezes and ornaments which a year or two ago were so much in fashion; but still it is every way inferior to the majesty and simplicity of the Grecian and Roman style; and when adapted to small villas is as ridiculous as the taste of old Drugget with his hornbeam hedges, fantastically cut into the shape of the dragon of Wantley, which Arthur Murphy so successfully ridiculed in his *Three Weeks after Marriage.*

No. 1045. *Cenotaph, erecting on Portsdown Hill, to the memory of the late Lord Nelson, by the officers, seamen, and marines of the fleet, under his command at the battle of Trafalgar.* J. T. GROVES.

This monument to the memory of the fallen hero, is grand and simple in its design, and, when erected on so commanding and appropriate a situation as Portsdown Hill, must produce a sublime and noble effect. And it will be viewed by posterity with other emotions, not as the votive monument of a legislature; not as a tribute of gratitude erected by the voluntary, or, in some instances, the ostentatious, contributions of opulent individuals, but as the free gift of the gallant companions in arms of this matchless leader, a tribute of respect from those who participated in his dangers and his glories, and were best able to appreciate his intrepidity and skill. Future defenders of England, when they pass this Cenotaph on their way to the great naval *depôt* of the empire, with double pride may say, our fathers fought with Nelson at Trafalgar, and they too contributed to the rearing of this pile to his glorious memory! Such a monument as this and the association of ideas it is calculated to produce, are worth a thousand allegorical sculptures, even were a Roubilliac alive to execute them.

Among the plaster figures, No. 1079, *A Bacchante*, H. HOPPER, afforded us the most pleasure; and, among the busts, No. 1080, *Bust of T. Newton, Esq.* relative of Sir I. Newton, benefactor, by legacy, to the Literary Fund. R. WESTMACOTT, A.—No. 1083. *Bust in marble of Lord Melville.* P. TURNERELLI. This bust is in general well sculptured; but no thing can be more stiff and formal than the drapery; a tartan plaid thrown over his Lordship's shoulders (we speak without any ironical meaning) would have been much more appropriate than the marble folds with which Mr. Turnerelli has invested him.

No. 1096. *A bust in marble of E. S. Lord Viscount Perry, formerly Speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland, to be placed in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.* C. ROSSI, R. A.

We are unable to speak of likeness; but we can, without fear of contradiction, commend the execution of this bust, and hold it forth as an excellent example for future artists in the same line to imitate.

Here we must take our leave of the THIRTY-NINTH EXHIBITION of the Royal Academy. We have delivered our sentiments on its merits and faults with impartiality and candour; and have been led neither by favour to commend, nor by prejudice to censure, the works of any one artist whatever. In judging of the several pictures it was our duty to examine, we never permitted ourselves to be influenced by names, but let each picture produce its genuine effect. In modern times, what matter is it who are the masters? A Scotish youth has stepped forward to despoil the Dutch painters of low humour of their laurels; and a century hence his pieces will be invaluable; why not bestow on him when living, the praise that is so justly his due? This we have endeavoured to do, because we thought Mr. Wilkie's singular merits loudly called for our acknowledgements. In every other case we have acted under the influence of the same principle; we have praised where we have thought commendations due, and we have censured where we have thought censure was deserving.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRE.

DRURY-LANE.

THIS Theatre closed for the season on the 16th of June, without having afforded, for the last three weeks of its performances, any thing worthy of particular observation. Mr. Wroughton returned thanks to the public for their patronage; but we are not aware that much gratitude was due from the proprietors and managers on the score of public liberality; for really the audiences at Drury-lane theatre have been, for the most part, so deplorably thin, as to fill us with sensations of the greatest regret at ob-

serving a magnificent theatre, in the first city of Europe, literally that which a modern author once threatened to make it "a splendid "desert*."

The politician and the historiographer, when they are describing and animadverting upon effects, think it right to trace those effects by an upward course to their causes, and, having investigated every part, and the connection of all the parts, become tolerably well enabled to give a just idea of the whole. We, also, the historians of a little state, of the theatrical empire, deem it our duty to say something in general concerning the topics which we have hitherto been endeavouring to elucidate individually; and as we have, with great minuteness, taken notice of all the theatrical occurrences of the season, we will now, by a general summary, give some opinion as to the persons who have been the principal agents in these occurrences. But we will not speak of the company in the gross: we will particularize several of the most prominent performers.

And first, Mr. Elliston. We have sometimes had occasion to speak of this gentleman in terms not completely eulogistic: we have seen him attempt characters for which his voice, person, and general style, by no means adapt him. But when we speak of him here, and estimate his powers at one broad view, we feel ourselves disposed to consider him with great admiration. That he does not do every thing admirably, is not his fault—it is the fault of human nature. Some persons do but a few things, and those they do perfectly: others are less perfect, but more extensive in their range: no man, unless we credit in their full extent the fabulous memoirs of Garrick, was ever able to perform every thing, and to perform every thing as well as it could be performed. Now Mr. Elliston's talents, perhaps, consists rather in an extension and multiplicity, than in a concentration and perfection of power: there are few of his parts in which he stands superior to all other actors; but there is no other actor who could act all his parts. Thence it was, that in many of our individual criticisms, where we were allowed to consider him only as the character thus actually before us, we spoke of him without ardent praise; but now we have an opportunity of considering him in a general view, and estimating him in his whole range, we are happy to pay our tribute of panegyric to his entertaining and versatile powers. Perhaps if we were to select any particular line in which he is most fitted to shine, we should mention the cast of lively young men in comedies, *Mandeville*, in *The Will*; *Young Marlowe*, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Barrymore studied in the old school, and perhaps if he had studied a little more, would have stood higher than he does at present; but, even now, he is in many characters, both tragic and comic, an extremely useful, not to say valuable, actor, even though he perpetually spoils his effect by a misplaced imitation of Mr. Kemble. Perhaps Mr. Barrymore plays *Stukely* and *Joseph Surface* better than any man of the present day:—but can we forget John Palmer?

Mr. Henry Siddons is an actor of strong feeling and great stage knowledge, and also a man of powerful sense and classical correctness.

Mr. De Camp is a young actor of great improvement: and Mr. Bartley, if he were a little more presentable in his person, would gain great admiration in many characters: he has a good deal of feeling, and speaks with sense. Mr. Raymond has force, but wants English: he should study Walker's pronouncing dictionary.

So much for tragedy. The comic company is headed by Mr. Bannister: and though we have heard some of the very severe critics speak slightingly of this actor, we have always thought him a most excellent performer in pieces whose main object is to create a laugh. In the accomplishment of that object, if the author had done one fourth toward the work, Bannister is sure to create the other three parts of the joke; and, after this, we are not disposed to join in the sage indignation of the few, and echo the elegant cry, "Oh that vile mummer "*Jack Bannister!*"

> Such delights if thou canst give,
> *Jack*, with thee we mean to live!

Mr. Dowton is a good actor, but dry and costive. He has no richness of humour, no power of creation; we think he would be more

* Mr. *****, an author of the present day, took a play to Mr. Harris, the Covent-Garden proprietor, and told him that it would make Drury-lane a splendid desert. Mr. Harris rejected the piece, and the author took it to Drury-lane. "Egad," said Mr. Sheridan, when he had read it, "the gentleman is come "to put his threat in execution!"

able to *read* a comic part well than to *act* it well.

Mr. Robert Palmer is extremely happy in his drunken men; but his person is no longer youthful enough for the light characters that he represents.

Mr. Cherry, as an actor, is not without humour: we remember being much amused by his performance of *Touchstone*, which we had seen worse acted at the other theatre.

Mr. Johnstone, the Irish comedian, is beyond our praise: and we may almost say the same thing of Wewitzer in foreign characters. Mr. Matthews has great merit, and will probably become better liked than even now, when he shall have had more opportunities of displaying himself. Mr. Purser is a very, very bad imitation of poor Suett. We do not think very highly of Mr. Penley; but he has played few parts as yet, and it is possible he may have merits which wait only occasion to develope them.

The operatic band is fortified by Braham: a singer who, by the bye, excellent as he now is, is not so excellent as he was. He is now, in many of his songs, so completely buried in flourish, that he may almost be called a caricature of himself. Livy tells a story of a girl who asking the Roman soldiers for that which they wore on their left arms, meaning their bracelets, was crushed by those fierce men with a shower of bucklers; and Braham thus, when he hopes to embellish himself with ornament, is overwhelmed by a throng of flourishes.

Dignum we do not, nor ever could, applaud. Kelly, if he ever had any voice, has lost it now: but we admire his musical compositions, or, perhaps, to speak more accurately, his musical compilations. Mr. Gibbon is very tolerable.

In the department of show and ballet, which have of late years been the principal supports of this theatre, we have two persons, the first of whom, Mr. D'Egville, is entitled to much praise; and of whom the other is justly held in so high an estimation, that our praise can be of no service to him: it is needless to say that we mean Mr. Alexander Johnston, the machinest.

And now, since custom places them only second in theatrical arrangements, we come to the ladies.

The leading actress in tragedy is Mrs. Powell: whose constant warmth of feeling and occasional flashes of genius give us the greatest reason to regret that she has not studied her profession more deeply. She has much of forcible nature, but she would be better for the assistance of art.

Mrs. Henry Siddons is greatly admired in the gentler and younger characters of tragedy: her *Juliet* is considered to be one of the finest performances upon the stage. But we are inclined to value her still more highly for her comedy: in simple and natural characters, this theatre has no actress who can be placed for a moment in comparison with her. We allude particularly to such parts as *Amelia Wildenham* in *Lovers Vows*.

In comedy Miss Duncan stands the most conspicuously forward; and we take this opportunity of congratulating the town on possessing so great a theatrical genius. There is no character she undertakes but procures her numerous friends; she is in a word, the Queen of Drury-lane Theatre.

Miss Pope, one of the few remains of the old school, does credit to her academy. She has more meaning and principle in her profession than any of the modern dames, who are too apt to act they know not what, and of course they know not why. She is not, perhaps, now, all that she once may have been; but the ruin shows what the edifice was:

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Festa diu!

Mrs. Sparks is useful in characters beneath the dignity of Miss Pope.

Miss Mellon is too vulgar—so is Miss Ray: the difference between their manners is this, that Miss Mellon's vulgarity is of the true genuine washerwoman: Miss Ray's vulgarity has a provoking affectation of elegance. They have both been spoilt by Mrs. Jordan. Because Mrs. Jordan, a very admirable actress, happened to be vulgar, other ladies, who did not possess her talents, have imitated her errors, hoping, perhaps, that the public would observe the resemblance, and never stop to remark that it was a resemblance only of defect.

The operatic department is clogged by the weight of Signora Storace; a lady who possesses the last mentioned fault, but possesses it in a degree infinitely beyond either of the young actresses of whom we just now spoke. We are delighted by good singing; but Mara herself, with the unfeeling dash and akimbo strut of the Signora, would be disagreeable to our senses: the eye would suffer a greater degree of pain from the unseemly gestures and determined manner of the actress, than could

be compensated by the pleasure which the ear might imbibe from the singer. But Mr. Braham's merits redeem Storace from total neglect.

Mrs. Mountain has not much of elegance to boast; but Mrs. Mountain is a very pretty woman, and a very sweet singer as far as tones go: though she has one fault, which we have always thought more important in a singer than any fault except singing out of tune, which is a complete contempt of articulation. Probably no person living ever heard four lines of any song Mrs. Mountain has sung upon the stage. This error is the more important because those who understand music in an English theatre are so few in comparison of those who, being ignorant of music as a science, would willingly sacrifice a flourish or two of sound for the sake of a little articulated sense.

The pantomime, the dance, and the ballet have no extraordinary fair one to recommend them, except the youthful Miss Guyton, who is already by far the best dancer on the English stage, and who bids fair to rival every thing which the King's Theatre can boast.

We now take our farewell of Drury-lane Theatre for the season. The company is not, perhaps, the best that ever trod these classic boards: but "*it is a very good dish, though not a china dish.*"

COVENT-GARDEN.

Although at Drury-lane almost all the principal actors abstained from advertising benefits, through an apprehension that the general election might injure the receipts of their house, yet most of the Covent-garden performers thought fit to run the risk, and the event has most amply justified their hopes. Never, in any year, was there so uniform a succession of *bumper benefits*. Among these the most prominent were the benefits of Mr. Taylor and Miss Bolton, both for the fullness of the theatre, and for the attraction of the entertainments. Mr. Taylor, on the 3d of last month, presented the town, between his play and farce, with a treat which never fails to be infinitely gratifying; we mean his imitations of many London actors. He sang the well-known ballad of *Sally in our Alley*, in the manner of four different performers, Mr. Incledon, Mr. Braham, Mr. Kelly, and Mr. Dignum: he imitated the speaking voices of Mr. Cooke and Mr. Munden; but the best of his performances, and, indeed, the most perfect imitation we ever heard from any person whatever, not excepting even that excellent mimic, Mr. Matthews, was his delivery of a sentence from the *Beggar's Opera*, in the manner of Mr. Incledon. It was not so properly a copy as a *fac-simile*. Mr. Incledon afterwards, with great good humour, assisted him by several favourite songs. We cannot let slip this opportunity of complimenting that admirable singer on the readiness with which he comes forward for the benefits of his theatrical brethren, and by which he ensures a fullness of attendance that can scarcely be produced through any other medium. Miss Bolton's benefit on the 5th, was equally attractive and equally successful. On that night, the public were regaled not only with the usual benefit fare of ballads from Incledon, comic songs from Emery and Munden, &c. but also with a *scena*, entitled *Eloisa*, written expressly for that occasion, and, in every respect, strongly adapted to interest and impress the mind. The music was composed by Mr. Bishop, who has already acquired so much reputation at the King's Theatre, and we should be heartily disposed, even from this specimen, to pronounce very strong eulogiums upon his harmonic powers. We regretted only the extreme shortness of this *scena*, which, with all the assistance of dumb shew, symphonies, repetitions, and other additions, did not last a quarter of an hour. But, perhaps, the author and the composer considered that great rule in compositions of every kind; namely, that when a strong effect has once been produced, any subsequent matter is apt to weaken the impression which has been made upon the mind, and, of course, to impair the general merit, and destroy the general feeling of the whole piece.

As this beautiful *scena* is so exceedingly short, we feel that it would be an injustice to our readers to withhold it. *Eloisa* is discovered lamenting over the tomb of *Abelard*.

" Deep, in this vault of everlasting gloom,
" The shadowy emblem of the frowning tomb,
" Far from the cheerful world, the glowing day,
" Must *Eloisa* mourn her life away.

" And still, to weep beside her lover's urn,
" Must *Eloisa* leave her lonely bed—
" 'Mid cold and gloom, the bosom's fire will
" burn,
" And love must live, till life itself be fled!

" Then, guardian Saints! oh, speed the closing
" hour,
" When black despair shall lose his penal
" power;
" When Heav'n's glad trump shall sound my
" march on high,
" And hail my spirit in her native sky!"

This *scena* was sung by Miss Bolton with her usual taste and sweetness, and gave her an opportunity of displaying some of those rich tenor-tones in which she is at present almost without a rival; while the graceful softness and interesting melancholy of her whole action and demeanour, added an indescribable charm to the scene. The impression upon the minds of the spectators appeared to be deep and general; and the curtain fell amidst loud, universal, and reiterated plaudits.

The only piece performed for the theatre, which deserves particular notice, is *King Lear*, which having been revived for the benefit of Mr. Cooke, was repeated on the first of June. Mr. Cooke is an actor whom we have often had occasion to admire; but Mr. Cooke, in *Lear*, is an actor whom we cannot but condemn. The character of *Lear* has been drawn by Shakspeare bold, warm-hearted, and direct: if, for a moment, he smothers his rage, he never conceals it; his passion, when most repressed, is a subterraneous wind, that is heard with a deep sound as it rushes along: when that passion is released, it is, indeed, "a tempest, and, as we may say, whirlwind." Nothing of all this does Mr. Cooke, in the slighest degree, express. His delivery in *Lear* is just what it is in *Richard*; in its subdued passages, little and mean; in its more prominent efforts, rugged, rumbling, and what musicians call *staccato*, resembling, indeed, rather a watchman's rattle, than any other object in art or nature. We are not among the multitude who admire his *Richard*; but if the style we have mentioned be not thought erroneous in the representation of the sly and crafty usurper, yet, surely, it is highly blameable in the honest and fiery monarch. We will give an instance of Mr. Cooke's deficiency. *King Lear* having left his daughter *Goneril*, and coming to the court of his other daughter, *Regan*, finds his servant wantonly placed in the stocks. When *Regan* enters, *Lear* vents imprecations against *Goneril* for her undutiful conduct, in endeavouring to abridge him of his stipulated train of knights. *Regan*, who is the abettor of *Goneril*'s ingratitude, addresses the old king in harsh terms, and he, almost afraid to believe his ears, is trying to persuade himself, in spite of his rushing indignation, that *Regan* is still affectionately disposed to him; and then, on a sudden, recollecting the indignity offered to his servant, he bursts into an exclamation, where Shakspeare undoubtedly meant that he should give unbridled scope to his fury; a mode, indeed, which seems pointed out not only by the previous and subsequent character of *Lear*, and by the words of the author, but also by every principle of theatrical science, which is the knowledge of natural effects.

Regan. "Good Sir, no more: these are
" unsightly tricks:
" Return you to my sister.
Lear. "Never, *Regan*:
.. ..
" You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
" flames
" Into her scornful eyes! infect her beauty,
" You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful
" sun
" To fall and blast her pride!
Regan. "Oh! the blest gods!
" So will you wish on me, when the rash mood
" is on.
Lear. "No, *Regan*, thou shalt never have
" my curse;
" Thy tender hefted nature shall not give
" Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce,
" but thine
" Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
" To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
" To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
" And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
" Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
" The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
" Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude:
" Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot
" Wherein I thee endowed.
Regan. "Good Sir, to the purpose.
Lear. "Who put my man i' th' stocks?"

Now certainly the speech beginning, "No "Regan, thou shalt never have my curse," ought to be spoken in a smothered voice: yet not in that sly, insinuating tone in which Mr. Cooke delivers it: but what can we say to his delivery of the words, "Who put my man i' "th' stocks?" Should not the feelings of *Lear* at that moment burst from the bondage in which they had been held during the former speech, and start at once into determined rage? Mr. Cooke makes no burst, no start; he displays no climax of feeling: but in his falsetto tone, which conveyed a kind of sneering triumph at the detection of *Regan*'s falsehood, and with his sly, sharp, short action, he says, "Who "put my man i' th' stocks," so as to give us much less the idea of *King Lear*, than of the housewife commemorated by *Lucy* in the *Beggars' Opera*—

" Thus when a good housewife sees a rat
" In her trap in the morning taken,
" With pleasure her heart goes pit a pat
" In revenge for her loss of bacon."

We think this one instance sufficient; but the same fault runs through the play; and we hope we shall never again see this excellent actor exposing himself in a part for which neither his genius nor his manner appear in any degree to have adapted him.

We have no particular fault to find with Miss Smith's *Cordelia*, nor with any of the subordinate performances; but of Mr. Charles Kemble's *Edgar*, we must speak in terms of the highest admiration. The grandeur and wildness with which he depicted that part of the character which consists of an assumed insanity, are not to be excelled by any performance on the stage; and the feeling and tenderness with which he expressed those passages which may be called the lucid intervals of the pretended madness, were so touching and so interesting, so softened and humanized the horror of the ravings, that we felt what in general is not to be felt in the representation of *Edgar*; we acknowledged the consistency of the whole, while we admired the wildness of parts. There is one passage in this character, which, though not calculated to produce particular effect, was nevertheless imagined and delivered with so much judgment, that we think it worthy of particular notice. It is the celebrated description of Dover Cliff.

" ——How fearful
" And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
" The crows and choughs that wing the mid-
" way air
" Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way
" down
" Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful
" trade!
" Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
" The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
" Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring
" bark
" Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
" Almost too small for sight. The murmuring
" surge,
" That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
" Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no
" more,
" Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
" Topple down headlong."

This speech is generally spoken in a smooth, flowing, descriptive style, which would certainly be very natural, if *Edgar* actually saw before him the objects here painted; but that is not the case. *Old Gloster*, who is blind, wishes to leap down the cliff, and gives to *Edgar*, whom he supposes a beggar, a purse, as a bribe to lead him to this cliff; but *Edgar*, wishing to preserve the old man's life, takes him to a flat piece of ground, in order that when he shall throw himself down, he may escape all hurt. But he wishes to persuade *Gloster* that they are actually on the brink of the cliff, and accordingly invents the beautiful description above quoted. But while a man is inventing minute circumstances like those depicted here, he does not talk and act as smoothly as if he saw all he described without trouble of recollection or imagination; and therefore Mr. C. Kemble, with his usual judgment, instead of delivering the passage in the style to which we have just objected, turns his eye upward like a man engaged in composition. As the audience in general is very incapable of relishing or even perceiving these niceties of discrimination, Mr. Charles Kemble was not applauded in this passage; but at almost every other speech from the beginning of the third act, he was greeted with loud and general marks of approbation; insomuch that *King Lear* appeared actually a secondary personage in the play.

On Tuesday the 23d was performed the tragedy of *Hamlet*, concerning which, as we have already spoken at length upon other occasions, we think it unnecessary at present to dilate. Mr. Kemble was as admirable as ever: Mrs. St. Leger, in the *Queen*, evinced both judgment and feeling; and Miss Bolton was the most faithful and interesting representative of *Ophelia* whom the stage can at this day boast. After the play, Mr. Kemble delivered an address, in which he thanked the public for their past patronage—a patronage which he said would make it impossible for the proprietors and performers ever to relax in those exertions which were thus cheerfully and brilliantly rewarded. He was saluted with universal bursts of applause. The pantomime of *Mother Goose* was then acted for the 92d time!

We now proceed to do that concerning Covent Garden which we have already done concerning Drury-lane—to give a short notice on the merits of the principal performers.

The first actor in Covent Garden theatre is, without doubt, Mr. Kemble—a man whose powerful genius and extensive knowledge, whose classical education and whose polished manners have deservedly placed him at the head of that profession, in which, above all others, it is difficult to excel. The pre-eminence of his powers has created for him many enemies; for an actor, in proportion as he becomes more admirable, becomes uniformly less popular; but Mr. Kemble rises so superior to prejudice and

envy, that those who come prepared to censure, applaud in spite of themselves; and the enthusiasm which is not prepared for him by favour, is extorted by him through admiration. If Mr. Kemble were the vulgar pot companion of half his audience, he would be beloved; but he knows that it is impossible to be at once a gentleman and a *hearty fellow*. If Shakspeare is admired in this country, part of his fame is owing, undoubtedly, to Mr. Kemble, who has purged him of his faults and embellished his excellencies; and if in spite of the poor attempts of some modern farce writers, tragedy still preserves her place upon the stage, she is in a great measure indebted for that place to Mr. Kemble, her most strenuous patron, and with one splendid exception, her proudest and most brilliant ornament. That exception, we need scarcely say, is Mrs. Siddons. In *Hamlet* and *Coriolanus*, in *Pierre* and *Hotspur*, in *Zanga* and *King John*, in *Leon* and *Penruddock*, in *Octavian* and *Rolla*, his fame has been for years unrivalled; and those characters which have *imparted* consequence to other actors, have *derived* importance from Mr. Kemble. Then in spite of the ignorance of some, and the envy of others, we may say of him what Goldsmith said of Garrick—

" Oh! peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
" To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
" Those poets who owe their best fame to his
" skill
" Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
" Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and
" with love,
" And Beaumonts and Bens be his patrons
" above!"

The next actor in rank of character is Mr. Cook; whom, however, with all our admiration of his other talents, we could never bring ourselves to regard as a good tragedian. Mr. Cooke possesses two tones in his voice, and those two tones he pretty impartially exercises in turn, with very little attention to the nature or effect of the speech that he delivers. He has discovered, by long experience, that a sudden transition from the loud to the low produces some kind of movement in his auditors; and as those auditors, when they feel this movement, do not in general stay to consider whether it be an appropriate movement or not, Mr. Cooke is in general regarded as a most striking and effective tragedian. But we cannot, for our own parts, praise an actor because he delivers one half of a sentence with a rattling thunder, and the other in so equivocal a tone that we are not sure whether we distinguish it at all: we no more wish to rank ourselves with those who applaud because they do not hear, than with those who admire because they do not understand; but with the vulgar, still "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*" There are unquestionably many fine passages in his *Shylock*, in his *Richard*, and in his *Iago*; but as entire characters we do not think Mr. Cooke acts them tolerably. On the other hand, when we mention his Scotch parts, we speak of him with unmingled admiration; we speak of him as of one who is not so properly said to act, as to personify the characters. *Sir Archy M'Sarcasm*, and *Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant*, as represented by Mr. Cooke, afford to the dramatic amateur the highest species of enjoyment which the stage can create.

Mr. Charles Kemble, who occupies a line of character commonly considered as inferior to that of Mr. Kemble and Mr. Cooke, but certainly not less difficult of representation, ranks in our opinion, next to those two actors. Mr. Charles Kemble, indeed, is almost the only man upon the stage who unites to a fine person and a thorough knowledge of his profession, that ease and that good breeding which are so necessary for the performance of the gentleman. He is excellent not merely in *Lovemore*, *Mirabel*, and *Felix*: his powers in tragedy are still more conspicuous: his *Jaffier*, his *Douglas*, his *Aboan*, his *Edgar*, his *Falconbridge*, his *Macduff*, sufficiently prove that he wants only opportunity, only the possession of the first characters, to be deservedly considered as a most admirable representative of them.

Mr. Pope, though not equal to any of the last mentioned tragedians, is certainly a man of consideration.

Mr. Brunton is an actor by no means destitute of merit; but there is something small and girlish about his gait, that gives an air of insignificancy to some of his acting, which would otherwise be highly deserving of approbation.

At the head of the comic department, stands undoubtedly Mr. Munden; who, above all other men in his walk of the profession, possesses that distinguishing characteristic of dramatic genius, the power of creation. We have been convulsed with laughter by Mr. Munden, when the unaided text of his author would have excited in us only feelings of pity or disgust: but we are not certain whether we ought more to admire or condemn a man whose talents can render dullness diverting, and snatch contemptible authors from the oblivion to which they would otherwise immediately sink.

And it is not without reason that Mr. Faw-

cett stands so high in the public opinion. In characters of rough feeling or boisterous vivacity, in *Thornbury* the *Brazier*, and *Caleb Quotem*, in humble nature, or in something too eccentric to be natural at all, Mr. Fawcett is without a rival.

Mr. Lewis, if he be not what *he was*, is still, in his own line of character, a great deal better than *any body else is*. He is second only to his former self. It is by the irresistible whimsicality of his whole manner that he contrives to be so great a favourite; but as he seldom plays characters that are at all within the verge of possibility, we cannot pronounce whether he be a natural actor or not; we are inclined to the negative. To use a vulgar theatrical phrase, "He is too fond of going his lengths."

Now Mr. Emery, on the other hand, is an actor who delights us by the pure nature which he pourtrays. His countrymen are far superior to those of any other actor who ever trod the boards, that he has occasioned that line of character, which before we almost overlooked, to be at present among the principal aims of our dramatic authors. Common men are contented to use the opportunities they find; but men of great powers create opportunities for themselves.

Mr. Liston is a good actor, quite by chance. Nature has given him such a conformation of muscle and organ, that his face and voice need only to be seen and heard, in order to create risibility. His is true native humour. We regret his unfortunate habit of "saying more "than is set down for him." Such a trick is injurious to good authors, and dangerous to bad ones. Who would write a part for so adventurous an actor?

Little Simmons, though a great deal of his merit lies in his very *littleness*, has a great deal of other merit too. In *Simple*, in the *Merry Wives; Filch*, in the *Beggars' Opera; Master Matthew*, in *Every Man in his Humour; Jonathan Oldskirt*, in *Who wants a Guinea*, &c. &c. he is a comedian for whom the theatres can scarcely hope to find a rival.

Mr. Blanchard is not a bad actor; but, like Mr. Dowton, a little too dry. Mr. Farley, in Frenchmen, is very entertaining; but he is apt to make a little too much noise.

The operatic company is very good. Mr. Incledon, possessing the finest voice that ever rattled along the ear, or insinuated its way to the heart, shines at Covent Garden in all his splendour: he is not in general a good actor, and his singing is not scientific; but there are parts which he even plays well; for instance, the last act of *Macheath*; and even though he has no musical science, his good taste and perfect intonation prevent him from ever disgusting by the ordinary faults of uninstructed singers.

Mr. Bellamy has a fine bass voice, and considerable musical knowledge; besides this, he is a good actor, and his gentlemanly manner and appearance must make him admired in proportion as he becomes known.

Mr. Taylor too is a scientific singer; and as an actor possesses considerable humour.

The best praise of that part of the concern which is employed in the production and management of *ballet* and pantomime, is to mention the unparalleled, but not unmerited, success of *Mother Goose*. The credit of invention here, we mean independently of the author, Mr. Dibdin, is due to Mr. Farley; and in the acting, we are happy again to record our admiration of the talents of Bologna, and the unequalled Grimaldi.

Among the ladies there are not perhaps so many eminent names, as are found among the gentlemen; but there are some extremely conspicuous—one, which would redeem a mass of imbecillity. It is the name of Mrs. Siddons. To what we said in our last number concerning her transcendent talents, we can add nothing here; we will not weaken it by repetition.

Miss Smith, who plays leading parts both in tragedy and in comedy, has considerable merit: but she is not Mrs. Siddons: she would have more merit, if she took less pains to be Mrs. Siddons. She certainly gives a tolerable imitation, but we are sure she has powers for something better.

Miss Brunton, who acts sentimental young ladies, may be heard without emotion, but she is too beautiful to be looked at without admiration.

We are sorry that Mrs. Mattocks appears so seldom: she is by no means past her prime. Some amends, however, are made for her absence, by the exertions of Mrs. Davenport, who possesses much dry humour.

But the actress whose unfrequent appearance we have the greatest reason to regret, is Mrs. Glover; decidedly the best fine lady on the stage. We hear, that in consequence of a difference as to terms, this excellent performer is about to leave the theatre; we hope the fact is otherwise. We would rather see the Managers employing her often, than bidding her adieu altogether.

The principal actress in the miscellaneous and operatic branches of the drama, is Mrs.

Charles Kemble; whose playfulness and vivacity, whose natural grace, strong sense, and dramatic skill, make her invaluable to any theatre.

But there is now in this theatre a young lady whom we have already had frequent occasion to praise, and whom we hope to have many future opportunities of praising. We mean Miss Bolton; as a singer she has great and extensive powers: the lower tones of her voice are full and melodious, almost beyond comparison. And as an actress, if Miss Bolton be not at present equal to *every* veteran, she is extremely superior to all the singers on the stage, except only Mrs. Charles Kemble. Much she gains from her beauty and from her fine form; still more from her elegant and unaffected deportment: and we think that in a little while she will be in every respect the most accomplished, as she already is the most lady-like representative, both of the more refined parts in comedy, such as *Lady Grace*, and of the more interesting parts in tragedy, such as *Juliet* and *Ophelia*.

Miss Meadows, the *Ariel* of the *Tempest*, has a sweet voice, but very small; her person too is so diminutive, as to make it almost impossible for her ever to take a leading cast of character.

Perhaps after this review, we are justified in concluding, that the company at Covent-garden Theatre is by far the best on the stage, as it includes not only a greater perfection, but a more extensive variety of talent than any other now in existence. It is with great regret that we take our leave of the winter theatres. When they are shut during the summer, as Reynolds in his Dramatist expresses himself, we pass by them with sorrow, as by "the tombs of de-"parted friends!"

HAYMARKET.

This Theatre opened on the 15th of last month with the *Heir at Law*: the house was by no means well attended. On Monday the 22d, Mr. Young, of the Manchester Theatre, made his first appearance in London as *Hamlet*. He has a tolerably good voice, a person of the middle size, and a pronunciation for the most part accurate. In the two first acts he spoke always sensibly, but seldom with effect: indeed, during the whole of the earlier part of the play he wanted feeling. There was something about his manner by much too vivacious, we had almost said flippant, for the melancholy *Hamlet*: for indeed he acted the earlier portion of *Hamlet* with the air rather of a man in spite, than of a man in sorrow. This want of feeling took away the interest of the character; and we may apply to Mr. Young, in this period of the play, the same remark that we have before had occasion to make concerning another actor, that he appeared to be rather reading the part than acting it. With all this hardness, he had another defect, which, in passages delivered with strong feeling, is not observed—we mean an awkward management of his feet and legs, a little like that which every body must have remarked in young Palmer. But when he arrived at the third act, he seemed suddenly inspired: all the harshness and dryness of his former manner had completely vanished; and, except in the interview with *Ophelia*, and the play scene, he was truly admirable. In the interview with *Ophelia* he did that which we have always considered a drawback even upon Mr. Kemble's *Hamlet*: he delivered the admonitions with too much severity and vehemence. It is true that *Hamlet* in that interview is desirous of impressing *Ophelia* with an opinion of his madness; but there is a gentle wildness of unsettled reason, as well as a furious continuation of desperate insanity; and to one so dear, *Hamlet* would probably have used the mildest means that could effect his purpose. He makes satirical observations on the female sex it is true, but they are not meant to be personal attacks on *Ophelia*, as they are made by Mr. Young. The whole scene should, in our opinion, be acted rather in sorrow than in anger. *Hamlet* is indeed out of "tune," but still he is a "sweet bell." For the play scene he did not display feeling and anxiety enough: he acted with the air not so much of a person melancholy, suspicious, and desirous of satisfaction, (which is *Hamlet's* case), as of one assured of the crime and of the criminal, and bent only on revenge: he acted as if the play had been selected by him, not so much for the means of discovery, as for the instrument of castigation. He writhed along the carpet, spoke loud, and, instead of quietly watching, openly stared and stormed at the *King*. If *Hamlet* had really behaved as Mr. Young represents him, the *King* would have put an end to the whole action, long before the period at present assigned.—But in the instructions to the actor preceding the play scene, he was truly natural, judicious, and impressive; and the scene in the *Queen's* closet was little inferior even to the same scene as represented by Mr. Kemble. In the words, "Is it the *King*," he completely electrified the house, and even if we had beheld that scene alone, we should have been inclined to pronounce that Mr. Young, though not without faults, is an actor of commanding ge-

nius. There were several other passages in the play, which, though not so well delivered as this, yet gained much strength, and sometimes sweetness, from Mr. Young's conception.—Among them were, "And still your fingers on "your lips I pray you."—"Something too "much of this."—If your messenger find him "not there, go seek him in the other place "yourself."—"It's as easy as lying," &c. &c. But we cannot approve of a reading so ungrammatical as this.

"Making night hideous, and *we* fools of nature,
"So horribly to shake our dispositions."

Why not *us*, as we have been accustomed to hear it! To say, "Making we to shake our dispositions," seems a strange mistake indeed! Nor do we see the necessity for emphasizing the word *your* in this passage:

"There are more things in Heaven and earth,
"*Horatio*,
"Than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy."

In another place he omits to emphasize the word *you*, where an emphasis is particularly necessary. *Hamlet* asks *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* to tell him why they were sent for; and on their hesitation, says, "*I* will tell *you* why." The antithesis here most obviously is, if *you* will not tell *me*, *I* will tell *you*. Surely then the word *you* should be marked, as much as the words *my* and *your*, which immediately follow; so shall *my* "anticipation prevent *your* discovery." We do not admire his pronunciation of "*quantity*" and "*quality*," with the same sound which the letter *a* has in the word "*quackery*." In both the former words the best readers give to this letter the sound of an *o*; and he is equally mistaken in pronouncing Israel, as if it were *Isreal*.

When a new actor appears, the public expect minuteness of criticism, and it is on that account that we have entered so particularly into the merits and defects of Mr. Young. But to speak of him in general terms, we will say, that he was received with unbounded applause, that to this applause he had a strong claim; and that he bids fair to take a most conspicuous rank among the tragedians of the present day.

A musical piece is in preparation, which we understand is from the musical pen of Mr. Theodore Hook.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1807.

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS.

SINCE our last publication, there have been several arrivals from the Continent; but, we are sorry to add, in no way auspicious to the allied cause. The important city of Dantzic, after a gallant resistance, and fifty-one days open trenches, was obliged to surrender on the 26th of May, to the 10th division of the French army, commanded by Marshal Lefebvre. The conditions which the garrison obtained are honourable, and such as they were well entitled to from their noble and spirited defence. They are not to be considered as prisoners of war, but engage not to serve against France or its allies for one year, reckoning from the day of the capitulation. With Dantzic there has fallen into the hands of the enemy eight hundred pieces of cannon, magazines of every kind, more than 500,000 quintals of grain, well stored cellars, immense collections of clothing and spices, and great resources of every kind for the army. Napoleon has created Marshal Lefebvre Hereditary Grand Duke of Dantzic, in reward for his services during the siege of that town; and to that dignity territorial possessions in the interior of France are to be annexed, adequate to the support of his rank. Fourteen years have scarcely elapsed since the solemn abolition of hereditary nobility in France; and the present are the first letters patent which Bonaparte has issued. Of the soundness of his policy upon this occasion no one for a moment can doubt; the surest method to attach his military followers to his fortunes is by rewarding them with munificence, and by bestowing on them those honorary distinctions which, placing them above the people, bring them nearer to the level of his throne.

Besides the loss of Dantzic, we are extremely sorry to state that the British army in Egypt has experienced a most mortifying reverse of fortune. After taking possession of Alexandria, without meeting with any opposition, a detachment under the command of General Wau-

chope was sent against Rosetta, and meeting with no molestation, advanced into the town, without any previous examination, when the troops were so severely handled from the windows and tops of the houses, without ever seeing their enemy, that it was thought expedient to retire. In this disastrous affair General Wauchope was killed, and the second in command, Brigadier General Meade, severely wounded. The total loss in killed upon this occasion amounted to near two hundred, and the wounded amounted to about three hundred.

A second attempt was afterwards made to obtain possession of Rosetta, which, we are concerned to say, was attended with still more serious consequence, nearly one thousand of our men being killed, wounded, or missing.

The whole account of the transactions of the British forces is extremely vague and unsatisfactory. General Fraser in his dispatch says that the Sorbagi, or chief magistrate of Alexandria, informed him that a famine would be the consequence of the troops remaining at Alexandria without the occupation of Rosetta. But if Rosetta was of such deep importance, as by the dispatches it should seem it was, the possession of the place must have been known to be so at least immediately on landing, if not before the debarkation. We have considerable doubts respecting the value of Rosetta. It is well known that the French general Menou, with 12000 men, subsisted in Alexandria six months, without drawing any resources from it, and harassed by continued attacks from the English. What at the present time should have led General Fraser to attach such value to the place, we are at a loss to conceive. Of the want of circumspection on the part of the officer commanding at the attack on Rosetta, our feelings will not permit us to speak; and every one, we think, will agree with us, that whatever may have been his faults, he has atoned for them by a gallant death.—That there has been egregious mismanagement some where, we think no one can deny, but till we are in possession of fuller information, it would be improper to say more on the subject. The most prevailing opinion is, that General Frazer would be obliged to evacuate Alexandria, but no official advices to that effect have yet reached England.

The last accounts from the continent state, that the French military force at present employed out of the territory of France, amounts to more than 500,000 men. The army in Poland, comprizing Massena's division, and the troops which were employed in the siege of Dantzic, is computed at 330,000, and the army of observation, under Brune, at 80,000. We should suppose that in this statement there is an exaggeration of at least one-third; but, even in this case, we fear the army of the allies is greatly inferior in numbers to the French. There have of late been some rumour of a negotiation for peace, and this, we must acknowledge, seems the only way in which the King of Prussia can preserve such parts of his dominions, as the clemency of the conqueror may allow him to keep. He has fairly tried his strength with Bonaparte, and found himself unequal to the combat, and we think it now only remains for him to make the best conditions he can with the victor.

DOMESTIC TRANSACTIONS.

The general elections are now all concluded, and we have the satisfaction to find, that the senseless and fanatic cry of "No Popery" has been almost universally scouted. In Yorkshire the friends of the late administration have gained a glorious triumph, in the election of Lord Milton, son of Earl Fitzwilliam, who, after one of the most spirited contests ever known in the annals of elections, was the successful candidate over Mr. Lascelles, by a majority of 187. On a general view of the members returned, we are happy to find, that very few of the friends of the old administration are wanting; and in Ireland in particular, the elections have been extremely favourable to them. This, we must confess, we expected, from the good sense of the people; but when we consider the influence of the government, we could scarcely hope that so large a portion of the adherents of the late administration would have been returned. We congratulate our sister island, more especially, for the honour and independence which she has displayed on this occasion. We remember, that we regarded the union with some jealousy, lest the 100 members from Ireland should have proved a sort of dead weight on the free energies of the English constitution, like the 45 members from Scotland; but, in this instance, happily, our fears have not been realized. Such names as Grattan, Ponsonby, Kirwin, and Latouche, would reflect honour on the most illustrious assemblage of public men of any age or country; and while Ireland continues to send us such representatives as these, we shall account the Union a national blessing, and be proud to do homage to the splendid talents and patriotic virtues which Ireland contributes to the Imperial Senate.

It would be ridiculous for any one yet to pretend to say, what numbers the Opposition will be able to muster at the opening of the Session; but, from all appearance, they will be very formidable. On Wednesday, June 24, they dined

at Willis's Rooms, where the Earl of Cholmondeley was in the chair. There were present forty-three Peers, among whom was his Highness the Duke of Gloucester, and one hundred and thirty-seven members of the House of Commons. The landed property of the company assembled, on a moderate estimate, was not short of twenty-five millions. When a toast was given to the late administration, the object of the meeting, Lord Grenville for himself, and in the name of his colleagues, returned thanks for the very marked and kind attention which so respectable a body had paid to his Majesty's late Ministers. It could not fail to make a deep impression on their hearts. Feeling this, he said, to be in the nature of a convivial meeting only, he would abstain from all political discussion; but he expressed a wish, that he should be honoured with the company of such persons as were members of the House to which he belonged, on the evening of the 26th, at the house of his relative, the Earl of Fortescue, where he resided. And that the members of the House of Commons would, at the same time, meet his noble friend, Lord Howick, at his house, to concert the proper measures to be taken at a crisis so imminent, for the preservation of every thing that was dear to us as a people. In the course of his speech, Lord Grenville expressed his hopes, that the same company, with many others who were known to participate in the sentiments which actuated their hearts, but who were not yet arrived in town, would have other occasions of meeting, and it was understood that a second dinner would be appointed for the ensuing week.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MONDAY, JUNE 22.—The Commission for opening the Parliament was read at two o'clock. The Comissioners were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hawkesbury, Lord Aylesford, &c. After the Commission was read, and the House constituted, a great number of Peers took the oaths. Lord Gardner was introduced between Lords Arden and Mulgrave.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23.—At three o'clock, the Lords Commissioners took their seats, and immediately sent the Usher of the Black Rod to desire the attendance of the House of Commons, with their speaker elect, in the House of Peers, to present him for his Majesty's approbation.

In a few minutes, the Commons, with Mr. Abbott, at their head, attended at the bar. Mr. Abbott had on one side Mr. Yorke, on the other Mr. Bankes, who had moved and seconded his re-election.

Mr. Abbott then addressed the Lords Commissioners, and acquainted them that the House of Commons had chosen him Speaker, but prayed, in the usual style, that his Majesty would graciously allow them to reconsider their choice, and elect a worthier person,

The Lord Chancellor signified his Majesty's pleasure, that the choice of the House of Commons should be confirmed.

Mr. Abbott returned thanks for his Majesty's grace and favour. He then demanded in the name and behalf of the Commons, their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges, to which, by the usage and Constitution of Parliament, they are entitled.

The Lord Chancellor replied that his Majesty confirmed his faithful Commons in all their privileges.—The Speaker then bowed respectfully and retired.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Yorke, after passing a warm eulogium on his talents and virtues, moved, that the Right Hon. Charles Abbott be called to the Chair.

Mr. Bankes seconded the motion.

After a few words from Mr. Calcraft, expressive of his approbation of Mr. Abbott's conduct on Lord Melville's Impeachment, the Right Hon. Charles Abbott rose, and expressed himself nearly as follows:

"It has been truly said, that the House is now about to exercise one of its most ancient and important privileges. The choice of their Speaker has been at every period entertained as a matter of grave and solemn consideration. The indulgent partiality of my friends has proposed the individual who has been already honoured with the confidence of the House of Commons. That individual still feels, as he did then, the fearful comparison between the extent of the duties of a Speaker and his own inefficiency to discharge them. If, however, the House can again receive the humble services of that individual with which they were once content, they will find in him the same zeal to consult their wishes and enforce their authority."

On Mr. Abbott's sitting down there arose a general cry of "Chair, chair." Messrs. Yorke and Bankes then handed Mr. Abbott to the Chair, when he returned thanks in the following terms: "I desire to return the House of Commons most grateful thanks. For this distinguished proof of their confidence and good will I shall endeavour to merit a continuance of both by my zealous and constant endeavours to guard their privileges and maintain their dignity."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a short speech, congratulated Mr. Abbott on his re-election, and the House on the appointment of so able a Member to fill the Chair.—Adjourned.

BIRTHS.

On the 10th of June, at his house in Manchester-street, the Lady of Major-General Sir George Brathwaite Boughton, of a daughter.

In Holles-street, Cavendish-square, the Lady of Sir George Barlow, Bart. of a son.

At Burmarsh, the wife of James Tutt, labourer, was safely delivered of three children, then having six children that could not walk, four of them under twelve months old.

At Eagleton, Durham, the wife of a poor man, named Wood, of three fine girls. Eleven months ago, the same woman had twins, fine girls also; she is not 22 years old, has been married only 26 months, and has five children, all living.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Sir George Tuite, Bart. to Mrs. Woodall.

At St. Mary-le-bone Church, the Rev. Alexander Cotton, second son of the late Sir J. Hynde Cotton, Bart. to Miss Houblon, eldest daughter of Mrs. Houblon, of Coopersale House, Essex.

At St. James's Church, John Thornton, Esq. eldest son of Samuel Thornton, Esq. M. P. for the county of Surry, to Miss Eliza Parry, second daughter of Edward Parry, Esq. Chairman of the East India Company, and niece to the Right Hon. N. Vansittart.

At Mary-le-bone Church, Colonel Elford, to Miss Lownds, only daughter and heiress of the late Wm. Lownds, Esq. of Upper Clapton.

At Mary-le-bone church, John Maude, Esq. of Great George-street, to Miss Hartwell, daughter of Geo. Hartwell, Esq. of Laleham, Middlesex.

Richard Chambers, Esq. of Ely-place, to Harriet, third daughter of John Newman, Esq. of Skinner-street.

At St. Mary-le-bone Church, Capt. Edward Sanderson, of the Buffs, to Miss Harriet Hales, third daughter of the late Sir John Hales, Bart.

Some time since, the celebrated Mrs. Lee, of *camphor memory*, to the no less celebrated Mr. Gordon,—the young gentleman whom she had caused to be brought to trial at the assizes for certain indiscretions, which at the time, however ravishing they have proved, were of too public a nature then to pass with impunity!

John Watkinson, Esq. of Lydiate, aged 77, to Miss Sutton, of the same place, aged 25!

DEATHS.

At Flushing, near Falmouth, the Rt. Hon. Lord Calthorpe, in the 22d year of his age.

At Clifton, the Rt. Hon. Lady Ann Maria Pelham Cotton, sister to the Duke of Newcastle. Her Ladyship was in the 23d year of her age, and was married, in 1802, to Col. (now Major-General) Cotton, eldest son of Sir Robert Salisbury Cotton, Bart.

At her house in St. James's-square, the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Darlington.

At her residence in Charles-street, Manchester-square, after a long illness, the Right Hon. Lady Kirkcudbright, relict of the late Lord, whom she survived only five years.

Upon his estate at Rochambeau, near Vendome, in his 82d year, M. Rochambeau, formerly a Marshal of France.

At the Vine, near Seven Oaks, aged 87, Mrs. E. Pratt, daughter of the late John Pratt, Esq. of Wilderness, Kent, eldest son of Sir John Pratt, Lord Chief Justice of England, and first cousin to the present Earl Camden.

M. De Lalande, the celebrated astronomer, at Paris, on the 7th of April, aged 75. By his will he ordered his body to be dissected, and his skeleton to be placed in the Museum of Natural History. His relations, however, regardless of the injunction, caused him to be interred. His funeral was attended by the Members of the National Institute.

On the 1st of May, at Verdun, in France, where he had been detained in captivity, with his son, four years, by one of the wicked decrees of Bonaparte, Wm. Humphreys, Esq. of Henwick, near Worcester, and formerly an eminent merchant in Birmingham.

Lately, at Constantinople, Madame Sebastiani, the Lady of the French Ambassador, having been married only one year. She was buried with great pomp.

Lately, Mrs. Martyr, of Covent-Garden theatre. For upwards of seven months, she had been in a rapid state of decline, which the most skilful medical aid was found incapable to resist. By her professional friends her loss will be sincerely lamented, for never was any performer more extensively or more deservedly respected.

At Kingston-upon-Thames, Mrs. Pierce, relict of the late unfortunate Capt. Pierce, Commander of the Halsewell East Indiaman, in which ship he perished with two of his daughters, and several other friends, in the year 1786.

At Keswick, aged 103, Miss Hannah Wilson.

Lately, at Sapcote, (of which he had been Rector for upwards of 40 years) the Rev. S. Burrough, M. A. aged 84.

LE BEAU MONDE.

FASHIONS

FOR JULY, 1807.

Fig. No. 1.—*An Egyptian Costume.*—The head-dress is composed of a rich handkerchief of white lace, which crosses the back part of the head; each corner of the handkerchief, a small distance from the shoulder, falls on the front of the neck; the handkerchief is trimmed round with a magnificent border of pearls, and each corner is finished with a bunch of the same; the hair is curled on the top of the forehead with small thick curls, separated with a band of diamonds, which crosses the forehead, and continues round the head; two small curls down the side of the face. A rich white figured sarsnet dress made with a short train, and scoloped back; sleeves very short and covered with a broad flap of white lace; the under sleeve is trimmed round with small French pearls; also the lace, which is fastened to the back part of the sarsnet sleeve with a star of pearls; the front is made full each way, and covered with rich lace fastened in the centre with a star to correspond with the sleeves. An Egyptian train of lilac spider net, showered with pearls, and worked in the centre with a large star of the same, cut in the form of a half handkerchief, wider at one end than at the other; one end is cut square, and gathered up full on the left shoulder with a pearl star; a piece of sarsnet, from under the left arm, richly ornamented, crosses the front, and is fastened with the middle corner of the train to the right knee with a bunch of pearls; the other corner, which reaches to the bottom of the dress, is finished with a large pearl tassel; the dress and train are trimmed round with pearls to correspond. White kid gloves and shoes.

Fig. No. 2.—*A Morning Walking Dress.* A short gown and coat of fine jaconot muslin, edged with a broad border of patent work, made high in the neck with deep standing collar, trimmed with a narrow band of patent work to correspond. The skirt of the gown is made very deep on the right side, and is sloped gradually off to about half a yard in length on the left side, and is also fastened under the left arm with six large flat worked buttons; a pea-green sarsnet mantle, made with full gathers in the centre of the back, is brought straight round the back down the fronts, and cut to the form of the shoulders, with no collar; the edge is inlet with white net, and stamped with a small green ivy leaf, the same colour as the mantle; a handkerchief crossed over the bosom of the same colour, is considered elegant. A jockey bonnet trimmed with a wreath of ivy leaves across the front, tied with a handkerchief to correspond. This bonnet is intended to be worn with this dress.

Fig. No. 4.—*Carriage Dress.*—Plain muslin gown made with a short train, and enriched with a broad point lace across the front, and reaches to the extreme edge, which is finished with a narrow border of cotton plait; the back of the gown is made rather high and full, drawn with ribband top and bottom; the front of the waist is fluted very full into a narrow band of rich point lace, about an inch in breadth, and is fastened into the apron of the gown, tied behind with a knotted sash of muslin, and inlet at the bottom of the ends of the sash with point lace to correspond with the dress; long full sleeves of white lace. A muslin coat of rich salmon colour, made with a straight back, and with a small train of a about three inches; a fall-over collar, with a long narrow strip, slanted off to a point, gathered at the top of the left shoulder, and hangs carelessly down the front, with a large rich tassel at the end; this coat is trimmed all round with a border of small brown roses, intermixed with a tint of salmon colour. A turban cap made of the same materials; white kid gloves and shoes.

Fig. No. 3.—*Morning Walking Dresses.* Light mixed, brown, or nut-coloured mixed coats, either double or single breasted, with collar of the same; covered buttons, or a full sized plated button, are much worn, as also some greenish mixtures; but the most fashionable morning coat is of a light mixed cloth, made single or double breasted, to button two or three buttons over the chest, and then to fly off in the

18
50
MAY

CARRIAGE DRESSES, for July 1807.

Engraved & Coloured expressly for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazine.

FULL DRESS and WALKING DRESS, for July 1807.

Engraved & Coloured expressly for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazine.

BRITISH COLUMBIA
18
50
MAY

skirts. These coats should not have any pocket flaps.—Broad striped quilting Marsailles waistcoats, single breasted, and made without binding.—Fine India Nankin trowsers or pantaloons, with gaiters of the same.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES FOR JULY, 1807.

Superfine brown cloth coats lapelled, with buttons covered with cloth, continue still to be much worn of an evening; but the olive greens, or what are also called forest greens, continue to gain ground, and which are mostly worn with covered buttons; but dark blues are evidently the most genteel and fashionable coats at the present time, and are worn either with or without a velvet collar, but constantly a gilt button, perfectly flat, and of a good middling size: the waist, we observe, is made rather long and wider than formerly, and the lappel a trifle longer also, but the sleeves are rather shorter than for some time past. White Marsailles quilting waistcoats still retain the preference as an evening waistcoat. Light pearl or drab kerseymeres, and the best India Nankin for breeches, with silk strings, and not to come far below the knee, are the most general wear.

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE desire evinced by all ranks of people to testify their attachment to a justly beloved Sovereign, was never more universally displayed than on the last birth-day. Loyalty and anxious curiosity equally contributed to render it one of the fullest courts we ever witnessed; whilst sympathy in the feelings of a Princess returned once more to grace the Royal Circle, gave a more than usual degree of interest to the Drawing-room; every avenue to which was crowded beyond any precedent.

His Majesty completed his 69th year on Thursday, June 4, early in the morning.

About half past twelve o'clock her Majesty and the Princesses left the Queen's Palace, with the Princess Charlotte of Wales in her Majesty's carriage, for St. James's, in their morning dresses, and entered the palace by the garden gate, where there was an immense crowd collected to see them. After her Majesty and Princesses had partook of some refreshment, they dressed in their new court dresses. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury was then introduced to her Majesty, and he delivered a congratulatory oration in English on the happy return of the day. Her Majesty and the Princesses proceeded towards the Grand Council Chamber a few minutes after two o'clock, through those grand suite of rooms in the Palace, the finest this or any other country can boast. Notice was given of her Majesty's approach to it, when the centre door was thrown open.

The Princesses ranged themselves to the left of her Majesty, towards the Throne. The Prince of Wales entered immediately after, paid his respects to her Majesty, and remained in private conversation with her for near five minutes. About three o'clock her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales entered the Palace by the garden-gate. The sentiments inspired in every British bosom by injured innocence, were never more sincerely or more enthusiastically shown, than in the general greeting and welcome of her Royal Highness, who appeared to receive this soothing testimony of public esteem with equal gratitude and diffidence. Her Royal Highness's appearance was never more dignified, or more calculated to excite the respect and admiration of a British Court. Upon her Royal Highness's entrance into the drawing-room, she paid her respects to her Majesty; after which she spoke to the Prince, and they conversed together for several minutes. She then conversed with the Princesses, and numbers of the company paid their respects to her Royal Highness. The nobility and gentry, after they had congratulated her Majesty, paid their respects to the Princesses. Her Majesty received the numerous introductions in the usual manner.

A few minutes after her Majesty had entered the Grand Council Chamber, the Lord Chamberlain waved his wand of office, as a token of her Majesty's pleasure, that the performance of the following Ode should commence:

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. P. L.

I.

Still does the trumpet's brazen throat,
Pour forth a martial sound;
Still do the notes of battle float
In warlike clangor round!

Nor rural pipe, nor past'ral lay,
In peaceful descant hail the day
To grateful Britons ever dear;
The thunder of embattled plains,
And shouting conquest's choral strains,
Burst on the listening ear.

II.

Yet while Bellona's iron car
Whirls o'er th' ensanguin'd plains,
'Mid Hyperborean climes afar
Stern war terrific reigns;
While, with colossal power endow'd,
The ruthless minister of blood
Calls to his scatter'd naval host,
Go forth, and bid the bolts of fate
On Britain's trembling harbours wait,
Shut commerce from her coast:

III.

Behold! the sovereign Queen of Isles,
The Empress of the waves,
Meeting the vaunt with scornful smiles,
The empty menace braves!
And see on Plata's sea-broad stream
Her banners wave, her bright arms gleam;
While, ploughing seas of classic fame,
Nile yields once more to Albion's powers,
And Alexandria veils her towers
To George's mightier name.

IV.

Firm are the sons that Britain leads
To combat on the main,
And firm her hardy race that treads
In steady march the plain:
And proudly may her Bards record
The victor arm, the victor sword,
That drives the foe from Ocean's tide;
And loudly too, with fond acclaim,
Chant trophied Maida's deathless fame
With military pride.

V.

Be hush'd awhile each ruder sound,
While Britain's grateful voice
Bids all her echoing vales resound
The Monarch of her choice.
Though round the tyrant's heated throne
Arm'd legions form an iron zone.
They cannot blunt guilt's scorpion sting,
While Virtue's sacred shield is spread
O'er George's heav'n-protected head,
The Parent and the King.

Her Majesty continued to receive the company with the greatest affability and pleasing manners, till near five o'clock, when she appeared much fatigued with the ceremonies of the day, and retired.

There were present, besides her Majesty, all the younger branches of the Royal Family, and the most distinguished nobility and gentry of the country.

Ladies' Dresses.

HER MAJESTY.

A lilac and silver tissue petticoat, trimmed with draperies of point Brussels lace, with point Brussels lace flounced pocket-holes; the front of the draperies most superbly ornamented with large diamond rosettes, from which were suspended diamond bows and tassels. The under draperies fancifully ornamented with diamonds in sloping stripes. The mantle was equally elegant, made to correspond with the drapery.

PRINCESS OF WALES.

A lilac and silver tissue, richly ornamented with variegated flowers in embroidery, elegantly intermixed with silver and foil, and a white and silver tissue train richly fringed. The neck dress of her Royal Highness was composed of beautiful plain lace to project, something after that kind usually worn by Mary Queen of Scots.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

A pink and silver slip, with a beautiful Brussels lace frock to wear over it, and a pink and silver girdle.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

A yellow crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver; a sash placed across the petticoat, with a border of honey-suckles, designed after the antique, with rich Vandyke embroidered draperies; body and train to correspond.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER

Wore a splendid dress of white and silver, superbly embroidered: the form of the draperies were particularly striking and elegant, and was much admired for taste and effect: the whole finished with a massy border at bottom. Her Royal Highness wore a robe of lilac and silver tissue, with rich embroidered sleeves and fronts.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS AMELIA.

A petticoat of white crape richly spangled, border a Mosaic pattern; draperies of purple Albany net with silver arrows: pockets formed with rich sprigs of laurel. Train of hand-

somely embroidered purple tissue, on the left a beautiful formed drapery of shell-work, ornamented with Parisian trimming; the whole in appearance truly elegant and becoming to her Royal Highness. One of the handsomest dresses at Court.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS SOPHIA.

A pea-green petticoat, with an elegant scarf drapery of the same colour, most magnificently embroidered in silver, pearls, and branches; on the right side a wing of scale embroidery of uncommon richness; on the left side was placed a drapery richly spangled. A beautiful fringe round the bottom of the petticoat. The robe of green and silver tissue, most elegantly trimmed with silver, and looped on the sleeves with silver chains and acorns. Her Highness wore an elegant plume of green and white feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

A white sarsnet petticoat, richly embroidered with an Etruscan border in silver; draperies, a silver tissue, drawn up and ornamented with wreaths of silver hops, which had a very novel and elegant appearance; train, silver tissue, trimmed round with wreaths of hop leaves; Brussels lace sleeves, with diamonds, armlets, and broaches. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

A superb dress of apricot and silver tissue; the right side of the dress a magnificent drapery composed of an Etruscan net of large silver beads, tastefully divided at distances by a thick bullion. Chains of beads in dead silver, relieved with bright bullion, elegantly ornamented with massy wreaths of laurel in silver foil, and *bouquets* of chesnut blossoms with the kernel bursting from the shell, formed the *tout ensemble* of this elegant dress. The bottom finished with a wreath of laurel in raised foil and beads; the whole looped up with large silver cords, tassels, &c. Robe of apricot and silver tissue trimmed with broad Vandyke, silver fringe, point lace, &c.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARY

Wore a magnificent dress of brown crape, embroidered with silver and pink roses, over a petticoat of royal purple; the design of each colour contrasted with the other, had a new and elegant effect. Oval draperies richly spangled all over, and terminated with marking borders of dead and bright foil in Vandykes, with roses, beautifully variegated, interspersed lightly in the embroidery; the whole completed with cords and tassels. Robe of brown, purple, and silver tissue, trimmed with broad Vandyke fringe, point lace, and diamonds.

The following were the most elegant dresses, with the exception of those of the Princesses, that appeared at Court on his Majesty's Birthday. We have arranged them in the order of their attractions:

VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH.

A dress of apple-green crape, richly embroidered in silver; the whole spangled with silver, and trimmed with large silver zephyr and Vandyke fringe. The draperies tied up with rich tassels and cord; train to correspond; the body and sleeves fully trimmed with pink. Head-dress, a profusion of diamonds, and nine ostrich feathers.

HON. MRS. BETHEL.

A petticoat of white crape, the border a wreath of lilac leaves in silver foil, covered with crape, and surrounded with small French pearls; draperies, white crape richly worked, with an Etruscan border in covered foil and pearls, with a handsome Mosaic of lilac leaves in the foil and pearl, ornamented with rows of pearls; train, white figured satin, trimmed with small pearls. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

MRS. VERNON GRAHAM.

A superb petticoat of pale yellow, embroidered with silver, and finished with a deep border of ditto; draperies of ditto, grounded with spangles, richly bordered to correspond, tastefully suspended with bunches of rope and tassels, and finished with rich silver ornaments; train entirely grounded with spangles, and finished with an embroidered border. Head-dress, pale yellow feathers and diamonds.

HON. MISS S. COLEMAN.

A white satin petticoat, with a deep fringe of white ostrich down feathers round the bottom; white crape mantle draperies, edged with the same curious fringe, and tastefully fastened and supported with ropes, festoons, and tassels, of matted gold beads; train, white crape, edged with the same costly ornament.

LADY DYNEVOR.

A brown crape petticoat, elegantly ornamented with wreaths of lyburnams, which had an uncommon and striking effect; brown crape train, trimmed to correspond. Head dress, yellow feathers and a profusion of diamonds.

LADY COLLETON.

A white satin petticoat, and elegant imperial draperies over it, with wreaths of lilac and green roses; a close robe of lavender sarsnet, forming a most beautiful drapery over the coat in festoons, which had an admirable effect, with hussar sleeves in silver over lilac sarsnet. Her Ladyship wore a rich Mosaic necklace, with pendants to correspond, and diamond crescents on her head, beneath a handsome plume of ostrich feathers.

MRS. PANTON.

A petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in gold, with double draperies of real gold Oriental *tamé*, superbly ornamented with gold cord and tassels, the pocket holes elegantly trimmed to correspond; train of rich gold tissue; the sleeves and body embroidered in gold. Head-dress, a diamond tiara, with a plume of ostrich feathers; ear-rings, necklace, and cross of diamonds.

COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

A straw-coloured satin petticoat, with superb drapery of white crape, embroidered in gold peacock's feathers; in the heart or eye of each feather were coloured stones. The border *à la Grec*, with large embroidered gold feathers and coloured stones. The robe to correspond. The sleeves and breast of which were embroidered with gold feather and coloured stones. The head-dress straw-coloured and white feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF CHOLMONDELEY.

Body and train of yellow crape, embroidered with silver; the sleeves of point lace, looped up with stars of diamonds; white crape petticoat, embroidered with silver on one side, with a sash of yellow crape, fastened with bunches of jonquil flowers.

BARONESS STHOGONOFF.

A white crape petticoat richly embroidered in silver, a rich border at the bottom of Algerine spangles, draperies of white crape richly embroidered in silver, from designs taken from the antique, Roman scroll ground work of a rich vermicelli pattern; train of white silk embroidered in silver. Head dress of diamonds to correspond: this dress was very rich and elegant.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

A petticoat of white crape, embossed with sprigs of purple and white foil; body and train of purple sarsnet, trimmed with silver.

LADY CAROLINE BERTIE.

Train of pink Peruvian net; body and sleeves of the same, ornamented with a small wreathing of peach blossom; white sarsnet petticoat, over which was thrown falling draperies, terminating with a sash trimmed with small wreaths of peach blossom, fastened with bunches of the same.

THE TWO MISS DAWSONS

In elegant *unique* dresses; the petticoats and mantle draperies were formed of white crape, ornamented with wreaths of lilac ice plant in festoons across the draperies; the train of white crape, edged with ice plant, the draperies supported and tastefully fastened up with ropes and tassels of Chinese pearl.

LADY CATHERINE LONG.

A petticoat of white crape, *appliqued* in a silver waving border, forming a drapery across. On the left shoulder, a sash of the same, tied up with rich cords and tassels; body and train brown and silver tissue; trimmed lace sleeves, looped up with diamond stars. Head-dress, bandeau of brown and silver tissue feathers, and aigrette of diamonds.

Gentlemens' Dresses.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as Field Marshal.

Duke of Cambridge, full dress coat to the 2d Regiment Foot Guards.

Duke of Sussex, as Commander of the Loyal North Britons.

Duke of Gloucester, full dress coat to the 3d Regiment Foot Guards.

Earl of Bridgewater, a full suit of Duchess of York's Own, or Fourteenth Light Dragoons.

Sir Robert Kingsmill, Bart. in uniform as Major Commandant of the Royal Bristol Light Horse Volunteers.

Sir James Alexander, a purple silk coat, waistcoat, and breeches.

Captain Snow, a full dress uniform, as Commandant of the Harbour Marine Volunteers of the Port of London.

Mr. Skeffington, a brown silk coat, embroidered with silver and yellow flowers; waistcoat of white silk, embroidered like the coat. This suit was very shewy and elegant.

THE KING.

As various unfounded rumours have, for some days past, been in circulation relative to the state of the King's sight, we deem it necessary

to give an account of the actual situation of our beloved and revered Sovereign.

For the last six weeks, or two months, his Majesty's sight has been in a state of gradual decay. The perception of the eye, or the sense of seeing, has almost entirely disappeared in both of the optic nerves. The most eminent of the faculty have had frequent consultations upon the subject of performing an operation; it was not determined on until the last week. The operation of couching will take place on the right eye, and the greatest hopes are entertained of its success.

The eye, in its present state, is eclipsed about three-fourths. The operation takes place in about a fortnight. If every thing succeeds agreeably to the present sanguine expectations of the medical attendants, the King will soon after depart for Weymouth. In every other respect, we have the heartfelt satisfaction to state, his Majesty never was in better health and spirits; his appetite is excellent, and his complexion florid and good.

Although his Majesty did not once appear at Ascot races, he rode out frequently on horseback.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

RACES TO COME.

JULY 1.—Stockbridge.
13.—Newmarket.
28.—Knutsford.

ASCOT RACES, which commenced June 6th, were attended by her Majesty and Princesses; Prince of Wales, Dukes of York, Cumberland, Kent, Cambridge, and Sussex. The most celebrated sporting gentlemen were on the race-ground, by whom bets to a considerable amount were laid on their favourite horses. The amateurs of horse-racing appeared particularly pleased with the speed of the horses, and of the adroitness of the jockies. Some of the sweepstakes created considerable interest. Her Majesty and Princesses were so much interested with the racing, that, it is said, bets were laid by them in their royal stand. The first day's sport was attended by *every description* of fashionables, and the race ground was uncommonly crowded.

BIBURY RACES.—This celebrated meeting commenced on Monday June 15, and, owing to the absence of his Royal H. the Prince of Wales, H. F. Mellish, Esq. and many other distinguished sporting characters, was but thinly attended. The racing, too, upon the whole, was not so interesting as we have witnessed on former occasions. The handicap plate on Thursday was well contested, and productive of great sport. The weather was extremely favourable, and the Downs in most excellent order.

A sweepstakes of 50gs. three subscribers. Mr. Howorth's Enterprize walked over.

A sweepstakes of 100gs. each, six subscribers, two miles and a half.

Lord Foley's c. Kneebuckle, by Zachriah, 1
Mr. Mellish's Luck's-all, by Stamford, 2
The P. of Wales's ch. c. by Beninghrough, fell.

Previous to the race, as here stated, Ld. Sackville's Clermont started with the above three; the Beningbrough colt and Clermont ran round, and the former came first; Luck's-all and Kneebuckle pulled up about half-way round; and it was deemed a false start, the horses not having set ut from the right place. Clermont was then drawn.

Mr. Mellish's Norval beat Col. Kingscote's Pigeon. Two miles, 25gs.

Sweepstakes of 25gs. each. Two miles. Sir H. Lippincott's Ploughboy walked over.

Thursday, the Prince of Wales's Barbarossa against Mr. Mellish's Stavely, 500gs. Four miles. Barbarossa walked over.

Mr. Mellish's Czar Peter against Mr. Howorth's Yorkshire, 200gs. four miles.—Yorkshire walked over.

Mr. Mellish's Norval beat Lord C. H. Somerset's Optician, the Old Mile, 25gs.

Mr. Blachford's Pic Nic beat Mr. Greme's Harry Gray, the New Mile, 25gs.

Mr. Worral's Timekeeper beat Mr. Elton's Stapleton, two miles, 50gs.

Mr. Bullock's Green Dragon drawn.

Lord Sackville's horse Whirligig, in running a trial last week on the Downs, fell and broke his leg; he was immediately killed by order of Mr. Germaine, who was riding another horse at the time of the accident.

Tenbury Races.—The maiden plate of 50*l.* for all ages, was won by Lord Stamford's bay filly, Benninbrough, beating Mr. Knapton's bay colt by Hambletonian. There were no horses for the 50*l.* plate on the Wednesday, and Lord Stamford's St. Domingo received ten guineas.

On Thursday morning, June 11, was decided a match for a considerable sum against time, on the Chatham lines, which are exactly two miles round, by a horse, the property of Capt. Cotton, of the Guards, who was to go twenty miles within the hour, which, surprising to say, he performed in fifty minutes, eight seconds, carrying eight stone and upwards.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote's twenty-eight horses sold at Tattersall's for 4495 guineas. Buffalo, Dragon, and Dungannon, were purchased by the Prince of Wales and Captain Vyse. His Royal Highness gave 310 for the first, and Captain Vyse 670 for the two latter.

Monday, June 22, a great number of persons from various parts, assembled on the road between Bridgwater and Bristol, being the spot fixed for determining a wager upon the exertions of a horse, which was to go in a gig 100 miles within the space sixteen hours. The day was remarkably hot and sultry; notwithstanding which, the poor animal performed the merciless task in thirteen hours, without eating a grain of corn!

Sailing Match.—Thursday, June 11, the long depending sailing match, for fifty guineas, between Captain Campbell Allan, of the Sally, and Captain Gardner, of the Victory, both of Horsleydown, took place. They started from Cuckold's Point to Erith and back, which was won by the Sally, Captain Allan. The match was one of the sharpest contested we ever remember to have witnessed on the Thames. Bets at starting were ten to five on the Victory; when they arrived at Erith they were as high as ten to one; but just before they were abreast of Greenwich, on the return, the odds were in favour of the Sally, which increased as she came up the river, and beat the Victory by about a cable's length.

Aquatic Festival.—Tuesday, June 23, an elegant silver cup was rowed for by six of the best cutters on the river, manned by gentlemen who sustain and row them at their own expence, and for their own pleasure; the agreement was made in this way—that the cutters should be rowed, not by their own hands, but by those of the others, on the fair ground, that they knew the trim of their own gallies so well, that it would be a fairer point to have those who belonged to one galley should row another than row their own. In this way they started from the Widow Smith's, at Millbank, on the flow of the tide, to the Swan at Chelsea, and returned down again, four rowing each cutter. Six galleys started, but victory was soon declared in favour of three of them, the Diana, the Cleopatra, and the Venus funney.—On drifting down, the Diana took the lead and kept it—was followed by the Cleopatra, which was backed by the Venus. They came in in that order, and the judges gave the cup (a most elegant one) to the Captain of the Diana: it was a well contested race with those three gallies, and afforded much amusement.

A great number of boats were on the river, pleasure boats, as well as others, and it afforded a pretty aquatic spectacle.

Boxing.—On Monday, June 8, the pitched battle between Tom Belcher and Jack in the Green, took place at Mousley Hurst; when after 13 rounds hard fighting, it was decided in favour of Belcher. At setting-to bets were equal, and continued so for the first four rounds; after which Belcher proved himself the most scientific boxer.

Pugilism.—The following account, to the disgrace of those spectators of the brutal exhibition it describes, has been communicated by an anonymous correspondent. At Bines Green Fair, West Grinstead, on Friday se'nnight, a pitched battle was fought between two Amazonian fair ones, in which no small degree of courage and scientific skill was displayed. Twenty sharp rounds were fought with various success; but, at the end of the twenty-first round, a knock-down blow gave the victory to the youngest, an active damsel of 24 years of age; her antagonist, who appeared about 40, though second best in this affair, displayed great bottom, and was much applauded for her style of fighting by the amateurs present. These women, like the fistic professors of the other sex, were unencumbered by clothes from the waist upwards; they were attended by their seconds and bottle holders, and exhibited in a well-kept ring of large dimensions.

END OF VOLUME I.

PRINTED BY J. B. BELL, NO. 11, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND.

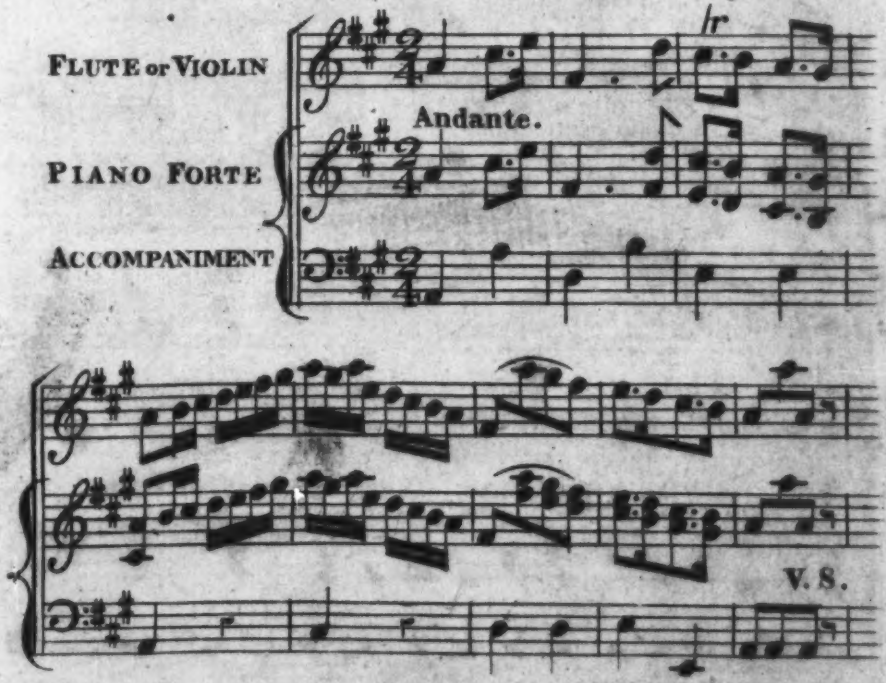
FAITHFUL LOVE.

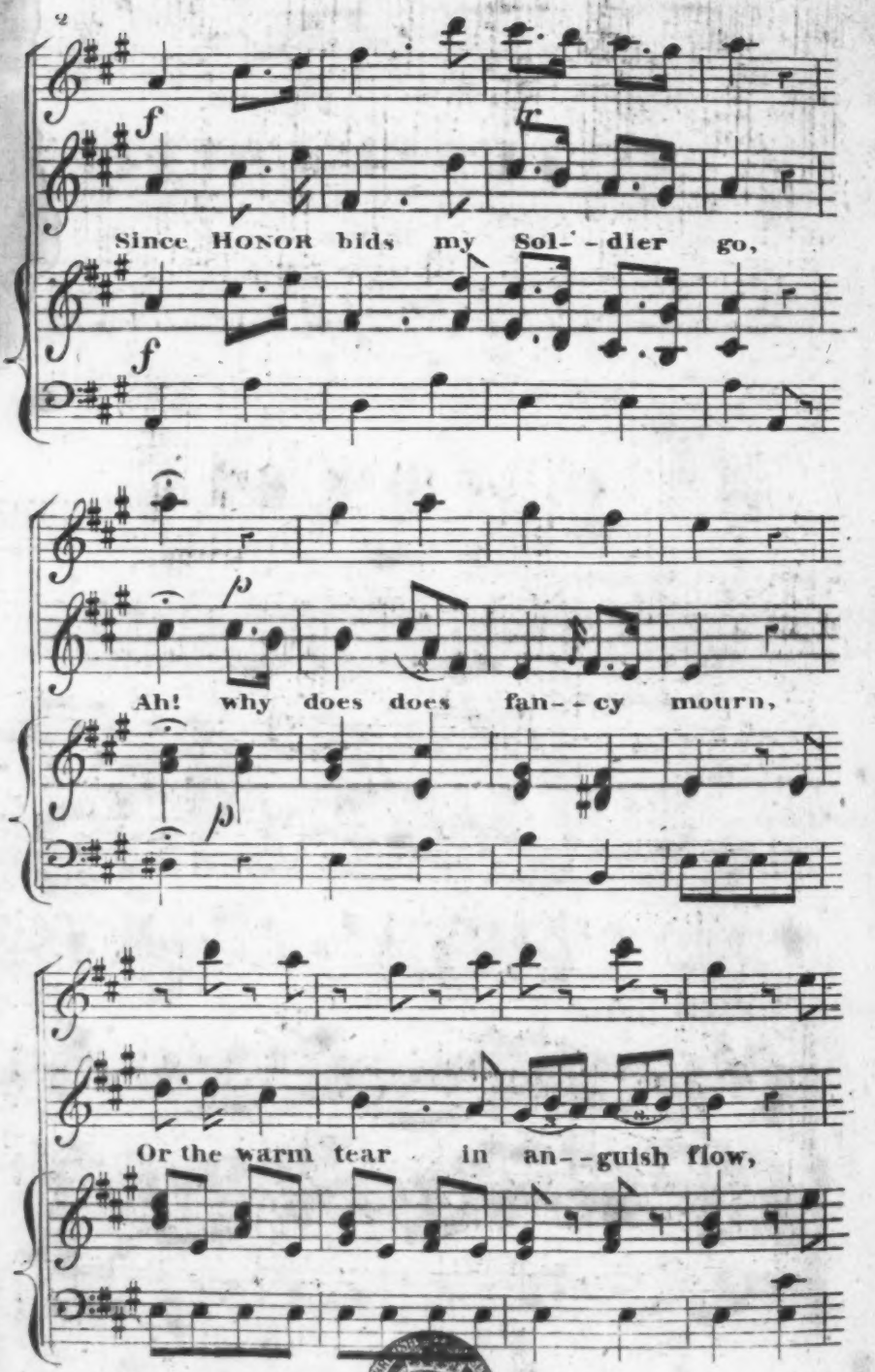
The Words by a Celebrated Poet,

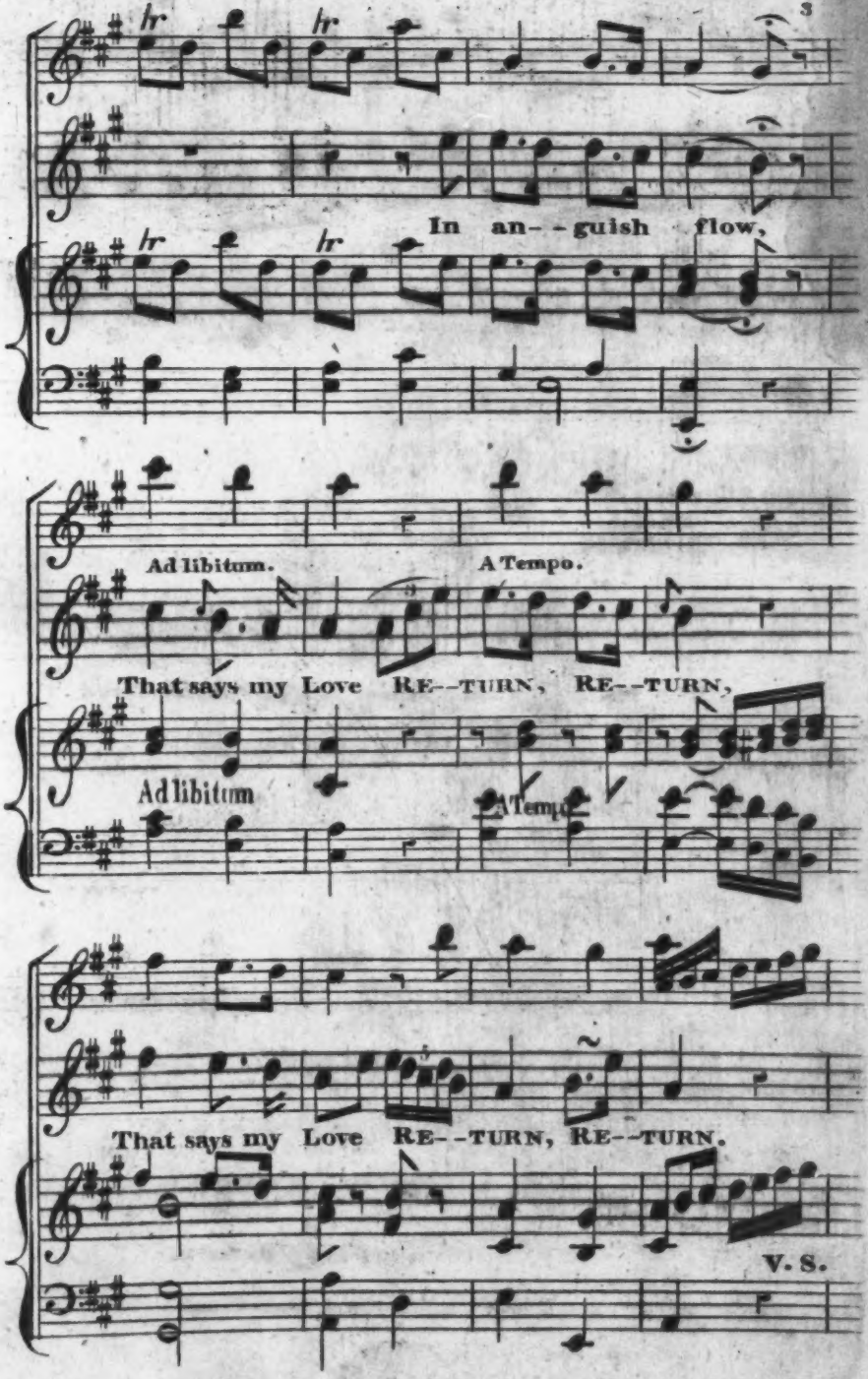
THE MUSIC BY

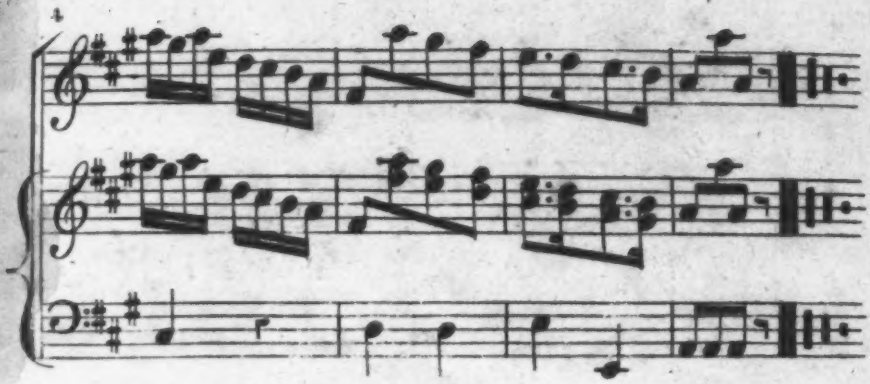
D. CORRI.

Composed expressly and exclusively for Le Beau Monde, or Literary & Fashionable Mag.e for July 1807.




Since HONOR bids my Sol- - dier go,
Ah! why does does fan- - cy mourn,
Or the warm tear in an- - guish flow,


In an--guish flow,
Ad libitum.
A Tempo.
That says my Love RE--TURN, RE--TURN,
Ad libitum
A Tempo
That says my Love RE--TURN, RE--TURN.
V. S.



2

The Maid whom Glory's flame inspires,
For Conquests wreaths may burn,
My heart that knows but Love's soft fires,
Can only say—— RETURN,
Return my Love Return.

3

That wreath may grace my Henry's brow,
Or deck alas! his Urn,
And vainly then in speechless woe,
Shall Anna sigh—— RETURN,
Return my Love Return.

CONCLUDING ADDRESS

ON THE

FIRST VOLUME.

IN arriving at the conclusion of our first volume, we feel it no less our inclination than our duty, to make our acknowledgments to our friends and the public in general for the liberality of their patronage and the universality of their support. In entering upon the present work, it was our object to strike out a plan, which, while it aspired to the credit of novelty, yet might not incur the imputation of eccentricity: something that should give to every class of readers materials for the employment of a vacant hour; something that might show to the learned a few leading features in their favourite studies; something that might afford to the lovers of the bagatelle a trifle not beneath their observation; something that might amuse the female mind, and something that might arrest attention in the *Votaries of Fashion*. That we have not been able to effect all these objects so completely and satisfactorily as we could have wished, we unequivocally acknowledge: but we hope that our candid readers, when they revert to our pages and cast their eyes along the variegated mass of matter, will observe that if *much* has remained undone, yet *much* has in fact been performed: that it has been some merit to design on a large scale, even though the execution may not have been always co-extensive with the plan: and that "if to do were as easy as to know what ought to be done, "chapels had been churches!"

The BIOGRAPHICAL ARTICLES of our work have been a source of peculiar difficulty to us; for the lives of the ROYAL FAMILY do not afford so much variety of matter for the pages of an interesting *Magazine*, as those of any other public characters. The ROYAL DUKES, for the most part, have abstained from taking any very conspicuous part in politics; and, while we may admire the delicacy which has restrained them, we cannot but regret, for our own sakes, that their modesty has prevented us from paying that tribute to their *active* talents, which no doubt we should otherwise have been permitted to pay most consistently with historical truth. At the same time we beg leave to return to their Royal Highnesses, and to those Noblemen and Gentlemen who, having access to them in different ways, have so liberally and readily furthered us in the object of our work, the thanks which we are proud to declare that we owe to them. Of the essential services which they have done to us, one proof, and that is by no means slight, will be discerned in the *beautiful* PORTRAITS with which, by their kindness, we have been enabled to embellish our work.

The HISTORICAL ARTICLE we designed, as a general outline—rather as a table of contents to history, than as a series of histories. This task has been faithfully performed by those to whom we entrusted it, and we flatter ourselves that, to many of our readers, and particularly to the junior part of them, it may not have been destitute of interest and instruction. Of that division also, which we have called THE STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS, we trust, we may speak with equal satisfaction. No pains, on our part, shall be spared to cast upon this interesting subject all the lights which books and the experience of our coadjutors can afford.

As to that head of our publication, which we denominate ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, we have not hitherto been enabled to do so much as we hope hereafter to effect. We are yet but in our infancy, and until a periodical work has, by a considerable length of establishment, acquired to itself a permanent and extensive reputation, many among the *literati* are unwilling to assist with their most valuable communications, lest those communications, instead of bearing up the struggling adventurer, should be carried with it to the bottom, and buried for ever in an all-whelming oblivion. Yet we have already been favoured with some correspondences for which we readily acknowledge our obligations: and we hope that our efforts have now so far established our consideration, that a still greater number of literary contributors will hereafter come forward and adorn those pages whose greatest glory will have been to have co-operated with their endeavours in the cause of learning, and to have assisted them in cheering the gloom of habitual melancholy or occasional depression.

Of the REVIEW OF LITERATURE we can speak with still greater confidence. We have done what, perhaps, few among our contemporaries can boast of having performed—we have read the books that we have reviewed. We have not, like them, resolved to embrace in one small circle the whole expanse of art, the whole compass of science, the whole region of the *Belles Lettres*: but we have seized upon those topics which appeared to us the most deserving of universal attention, we have reviewed those works which might most justly excite the curiosity of the public, from the fame or rank of their authors, or from the intrinsic merit which those works themselves possessed. We have here behaved with the strictest impartiality, we have not been desirous of exposing only faults: we have wished to present for the public admiration, *excellence*, however minute in its species, however obscured by surrounding faults. We have looked through the blaze of popular adoration with an undazzled eye upon the genius of a Scottish Minstrel, and shown the proportion between his native gold, and his glittering alloy. We have weighed with impartial scales the merit of a Noble Author, whom neither his rank nor his relationship, to the greatest genius that ever illuminated this island, could place above the venture of our equal justice: and we have even confessed and displayed, amidst the mass of corruption that fouled them, the spirit and sweetness of a modern Anacreon. Nor have we, in these reviews, gallopped in a cursory way through a volume, noticing only the passages which "those who run may read;" but we have, in every instance where the importance of the matter demanded such a labour, presented our readers, in the first instance, with an analysis of the whole subject, and then proceeded by extracts of every description, to put them in possession of all that might enable them to form their decision. Reviewers in general are apt to be arrogant: they pronounce their own opinions on a work, and expect the public implicitly to believe them, without either fact or argument, merely on their simple *ipse dixit*: but we have thought it better to deliver our reasons, together with our opinions, and enable the public to judge for itself: we have said to them, candidly, "Here are such and such "facts—those facts are stated in such and such modes—now make up your minds "whether you shall draw from these facts, and from these modes the same conclusion "which we have deduced." A reviewer, like a judge, should sum up, by way of abridgement, the evidence given, and, like a judge, he should sum it up *all*: for to state somethings and omit others, is as unfair a process in literature as it is in law. When the judge has done this much, he may deliver his recommendation to those who are to settle the issue: but let him recollect that he is not to be at once judge and jury. The public are the jury, and they must determine: then let them have all the facts and all the guides which are necessary to them in forming their determination. We have done

all that a just judge upon these principles should do: and we have now spoken fully upon this subject, because we still, in spite of all our enemies, since enemies we must have by the course of human nature, trust that the public will do justice both to our meaning and to our execution, and acknowledge that if we have erected ourselves into a tribunal of justice, we have "borne our faculties meekly, and been clear in our great office!"

Our POETRY has been entirely miscellaneous, and being derived from different sources, has been, in some numbers, less valuable than in others: but, upon the whole, we believe we may safely boast, that though other periodical works may exceed us in the quantity of their poetry, there is none which can compare itself with us in point of quality.

Nor can we permit ourselves to be silent on the subject of our THEATRICAL CRITICISMS, which, though they may have given partial offence, have, notwithstanding, as we are happy to perceive by the numerous testimonials of our correspondents, and by the daily increasing sale of our work in theatrical circles, been highly satisfactory to most of those persons, who judge without prejudice concerning the Drama and its professors. Perhaps we have affronted some would-be critics, by our frequent and undisguised contempt of their theatrical opinions: but we here again avow the same sentiments that we have before professed, we here again assert the utter incompetency of almost all the persons who have erected themselves into Judges of the Stage, and bestowed on the body, of which they form a part, the showy and imposing title of *The Town*. The *Theatrical Article* in our numbers has been the product of a natural bias to theatrical amusements, of a long study, of an education perhaps singularly well adapted to the perfecting of a dramatic taste; and, added to all these, has been a constant and unremitting opportunity of knowing the private manners and genius of the green-room. With all these advantages on our side, we have felt the comparatively high situation in which we stand with regard to almost all other critics; and as we are well aware that it is impossible they should have enjoyed our opportunities, we feel ourselves authorized in boasting, that it is impossible they should possess our science. It is not merely to write with severity, or to abuse with rashness, that renders a man an able critic: some degree of knowledge on the subject treated is the first and most important requisite; without which all the genius and all the external stores of the critic; without which all the coarse ignorance of the vulgar, will fall despised and hurtless to the ground.

Of our POLITICAL ARTICLES we will also speak with firmness. We are not attached to any party—from none of them have we ever received, and from none of them do we expect ever to receive, the smallest favour: amid the darkness that has so long overhung the political horizon, we have sought one great compass by which we might steer our course, and that compass has been the principles of the British Constitution.

Our FASHIONS have presented much variety: and the light and ornamental parts of our work in general, particularly our *Embellishments*, have entitled us to hope for the *sanction of public approbation*. In order to perpetuate to our pages that honourable sanction, no trouble, and no expence shall be spared by us in the endeavour to render *Le Beau Monde* as perfect as the nature of such a work will permit it to become.

INDEX

TO THE FIRST VOLUME OF

LE BEAU MONDE,

OR,

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

FROM NOVEMBER 1, 1806, TO JULY 1, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

Page

His Most Gracious Majesty George III. 1, 69
His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales 63
——————— Duke of Clarence 125
——————— Duke of York 185
His late Royal Highness Prince William Henry Duke of Gloucester - - - - 243
His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent - 303
——————— Duke of Sussex 357
——————— Duke of Cumberland 413
——————— Duke of Gloucester 467
Right Hon. Charles James Fox - - - 10

HISTORY.

Account, some, of the Jewish Nation, 16, 82, 129
Hindu Nation, of the, 191, 244, 307, 358, 414, 468

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

Iceland 194
Lapland 249
Northern parts of Europe (in the) particularly of those regions included within the Artic Circle 134
Norway 310
Russia 361
Denmark 416

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Aches—Shakspeare - - - - - - - 265
Adelrosa de Valmonte, an Italian Tale, 202

Page

Anecdote of Mr. Fox - - - - - - - 378
Anecdotes, Recollections, and Memoranda, 146 204, 269
Animaliana; or, Anecdotes and Observations respecting various Species of Animals - - - - - - - - - 374, 431
Bath, on - - - - - - - - - - 257, 315
Buenos Ayres - - - - - - - - - 30
Catholic Question, on the - - - - - 365
Classic Tales, on the, a highly embellished Publication - - - - - - - - 203
Cottage, the, of Peter the Great - - - 433
Death Watch, the - - - - - - - 378
Dream Fulfilled, the - - - - - - - 456
Dissolution of Parliament, on the - - - 420
Duke de Montansier, on the - - - - 435
Easy Method, an, of procuring a Fine Impression or Figure of Medals and Coins 268
Essay, an, on Courage, &c. &c. - - - 26
Extracts from the Common Place Book of a Man of Letters, containing Anecdotes chiefly relative to the Private Life of Charles James Fox - - - - - - 90
Fitzwalter, or the Sophistry of the Passions - - - - - - 317, 372, 428, 483
Ghosts, a story of, translated from the French - - - - - - - - - - 144
Hypothesis of Wieland, on the Art of Poetry of Horace - - - - 312, 363, 418
Impious Wish, the, a Sentimental Incident 266
Isaac Newton, Sir, and M. Mercier - - 87
Letter from Dr. Espenberg, dated on board the Russian Ships which have circumnavigated the globe - - - - - - - - 434

	Page
Letter from an unfortunate Author	88
—— a, from a Perturbed Spirit	365
—— a, from Loch Goil Head	377
Luctor et Emergo—I strive and I rise, a Moral Tale	262
Mary, a true Story	23
Mystic Poetry, on the, of the Persians and Hindus	141
Observations on the Ourang-Outang and Chimpanzee of the Moderns; the Satyrs and Pigmies	485
Opinions of Learned Men concerning Achilles	20
Origin, on the, of Light Infantry	316
Passage of Mount Cenis	476
Poetic, on the, of Aristotle,	199, 254, 473
Philosopher, the	427
Remarkable Instances, some, of Delicacy of Smell	437
Scene of a Dramatic Piece, after the Manner of Shakspeare, by the late Empress of Russia	25
Scribbler (by Monthlianus Scriblerus)	85, 138
Secret Correspondence	377
Sir Sidney Smith	267
Slave Trade, on the	319
The Trifler, or an Essay on Ancient and Modern Times	424, 480
True and False Virtue, a Tale	140
Voltaire, on	261

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

	Page
Account (some) of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, by Lord Holland	32, 93
Admission of Papists to hold certain commissions in the Army, &c.	383
Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books, 2 vols. by the Rev. Wm. Beloe	271
All the Talents! A Satirical Poem, in three Dialogues	380
Ballads and Lyrical Pieces, by Walter Scott, Esq.	206
Classic Tales, Serious and Lively	150
Elijah's Mantle, a Poem	382
Inquiry (an) into the requisite Cultivation and present State of the Arts of Design in England, by Prince Hoare	212
Miseries (the) of Human Life, or the Groans of Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy, with a few Supplementary Sighs from Mrs. Testy	156
—— Vol. 2.	443
More Miseries, by Sir Fretful Murmur, Knt.	275
Odes, Epistles, and other Poems, by T. Moore, Esq.	36, 97
Public Characters of 1807	329
Retrospect of Literature, from the commencement of the present Century	439, 489
Stranger in America	384
Translations from the Icelandic, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and German, to which is added, Miscellaneous Poetry	152
Treatise, a, on Indigence, by P. Colquhoun, Esq. L.L.D.	325, 379
Tristia, or the Sorrows of Peter; Elegies to the King, Lords Grenville, Petty, Erskine, the Bishop of London, Messrs. Fox, Sheridan, &c. &c.	148

POETRY.

	Page
Anna, to	279
Address to a Sigh	387
Batchelor's, the Apology	161
Comparison, a, on reading the Letters of Lord Chatham to his Nephew	279
Cottar's, the, Lament	162
Clock, the, and the Dial, a Fable, from De La Motte	42
Doctor and Lady, the,	496
Epilogue to Adrian and Orilla	103
—— the Curfew	334
Favourite Linnet, to a,	161
Forget me not, a Song,	162
Foundling's Petition	216
Friend, to a, in Tears	278
Gentleman, to a, with a Ring	498
Henry and Anna, a ballad,	162
Henry, to,	448
Hymn, the, of Crates, the Disciple of Diogenes, to the Muses	101
Interesting Stranger, the, or Lines occasioned by the re-appearance of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales at Court	447
King, the, of the Crocodiles	217
Lady C. J to, from her Monkey, by Lord Erskine	385
Lady Bird, to the,	334
L'Amant Malheureux	448
Lines written upon hearing of the Death of a Friend of the Yellow Fever, soon after his arrival in the West-Indies	102
L'Œil et L'Oreille	497
Lines written on visiting Wingfield Castle, &c.	277
Love and Wine separated	42
Lines sent to a Friend with a Seal, on which was engraven the word "Remember"	498
Maniac, the,	333
Madame, à, la Duchesse de C.	387

thought it better to deliver our reasons, together with our opinions, and enable the public to judge for itself: we have said to them, candidly, "Here are such and such "facts—those facts are stated in such and such modes—now make up your minds "whether you shall draw from these facts, and from these modes the same conclusion "which we have deduced." A reviewer, like a judge, should sum up, by way of abridgement, the evidence given, and, like a judge, he should sum it up *all*: for to state somethings and omit others, is as unfair a process in literature as it is in law. When the judge has done this much, he may deliver his recommendation to those who are to settle the issue: but let him recollect that he is not to be at once judge and jury. The public are the jury, and they must determine: then let them have all the facts and all the guides which are necessary to them in forming their determination. We have done

...course, and that compass has been the *principles of the British Constitution.*

Our Fashions have presented much variety; and the light and ornamental parts of our work in general, particularly our *Embellishments*, have entitled us to hope for the *sanction of public approbation.* In order to perpetuate to our pages that honourable sanction, no trouble, and no expence shall be spared by us in the endeavour to render *Le Beau Monde* as perfect as the nature of such a work will permit it to become.

Page

Modesty, to, - - - - - - - - - - 42
Nelson's Banner - - - - - - - - 161
Oak, the, of our Fathers - - - - - - 218
Prologue to Adrian and Orilla - - - 103
———— the Curfew - - - - - - - 335
Piscatory Eclogue, a, - - - - - - - 449
Reflection, a, - - - - - - - - - 103
Sailor's, a, Ramble to the Isle of Wight, a Ballad, addressed to the Maid of Shankline Chine - - - - - - - - 332
Sonnet, supposed to have been written by the Poet Dermody - - - - , - - 42
Sonnet, on receiving from a Friend, on Christmas Day, some Amaranths - - 332
Sonnet, written from Windsor Castle, to a Friend, on his Voyage to the West-Indies - - - - - - - - - - 386
Sprig of Myrtle, to a, - - - - - - - 217
Tear, the, - - - - - - - - - - - 42
Verses sent with a Porte Feuille to R. Kerr Porter, Esq. - - - - - - - - - 332
Verses to a Lady - - - - - - - - - 387
Violet and Zephyr, the, - - - - - - 388

FINE ARTS.

British Institution - - - - - - - 280, 335
Bullock's, on Mr. Model for a Monument to the Memory of Lord Nelson - - 388
Causes, on the, of the Origin and Progress of Sculpture and Painting - - - 44, 104
Hints to the Amateurs of the Fine Arts 163
Thirty-ninth Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Somerset House, May 4, 1807, 449, 499

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Adelgitha - - - - - - - - - - - 453
Assignation - - - - - - - - - - 282
Carles, Mr. as Colonel Briton, in the Wonder - - - - - - - - - - - 48
Curfew, the, - - - - - - - - - 283
Day, a, in London - - - - - - - - 392
Douglas - - - - - - - - - - - 110
Emily, or Juvenile Indiscretion - - - 283
Elliston, Mr. as George Barnwell - - 105
Eyre, Mr. as Jaques - - - - - - - 47
George Barnwell, and the Enchanters, or Harlequin Sultain - - - - - - - 169
Love for Love - - - - - - - - - 165
Mr. H. a Farce - - - - - - - - - 167
Observations on the theatrical talents of the performers - - - - - - - - - 504
Penley, Mr. as Jaques, in the Honey Moon; and as Scrub, in the Beaux Stratagem - - - - - - - - - - - 45

Page

Ray, Miss, as Albina Mandeville, in the Will; and as Amelia Wildenhaim, in Lovers Vows - - - - - - - - - 168
Ray, Miss, as Little Pickle - - - - 221
Secrets, the, and Mysteries of the Managers 390
Tekeli - - - - - - - - - - - - 113
Venice Preserved - - - - - - - - 164
Vindictive Man, the, - - - - - - - 110
Wood Dæmon - - - - - - - - - 391
Young Hussar, the, or Love and Mercy 337

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Adrian and Orrila - - - - - - - - 108
Arbitration, or Free and Easy - - - - 171
Bellamy, Mr. as Robin Hood - - - - 47
Bolton, Miss, as Polly, in the Beggar's Opera - - - - - - - - - - - *ibid.*
——— As Rosetta, in Love in a Village 106
——— As Eliza Greville, in the Flitch of Bacon - - - - - - - - - - - 110
——— As Laura, in the Lock and Key - 170
Cooke, Mr. as Kitely - - - - - - - 223
Criticisms, general, on Mrs. Siddons - - 456
Closing, the, of the theatre - - - - - 503
Deserts of Arabia - - - - - - - - 111
Elliston, Mr. as Douglas - - - - - 219
False Alarms, or My Cousin - - - - *ibid.*
Forbes, Mrs. as Albina, in the Will - - 48
Harlequin and Mother Goose, or the Golden Egg - - - - - - - - - - 222
Hamlet - - - - - - - - - - - 338
Imitations by Taylor - - - - - - - 506
Jealous, Wife the, - - - - - - - - 285
Kemble, Mr. as Coriolanus, with detailed Criticisms on the piece, with observations on the pronunciation of Coriolanus 107
King Henry IV. Part the First, with Criticisms on the Falstaff of Mr. Stephen Kemble, and the Hotspur of Mr. John Kemble, &c. - - - - - - - - - 46
King Lear - - - - - - - - - - - 507
Makin, Mrs as Queen Elizabeth, in Richard the Third - - - - - - - - 47
Mara, Mr. as Dennis Brulgruddery; and Miss Logan, as Mary Thornberry, in John Bull - - - - - - - - - - - 45
Melvin, Mr. as Gossamer, in Laugh when you Can, &c. &c. &c. - - - - - - - 47
Ogre and Little Thumb - - - - - - 395
Observations on the theatrical talents of the performers - - - - - - - - - 508
Orange, an, thrown on the stage - - - 108
Peter the Great - - - - - - - - - 458
Point, the, of Honour - - - - - - - 218
Tempest, the, - - - - - - - - - - 109

Page

Town and Country; or, Which is Best . 341
Wheel of Fortune, the, ... 223
Whistle for it 394

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Young, Mr. in Hamlet 511

KING'S THEATRE.

Opening of the Opera 171
Madame Catalani, in Semiramide . . 172
——— non attendance . . 286
Mademoiselle Presle, in La Dansamonie. 172
Malicious report against Madame Catalani 224
Signor Siboni, and Signor Perini, their first appearance 172
Oratorios 287

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,
FROM OCTOBER 1, 1806, TO JUNE 30, 1807.

Foreign and Domestic, 49, 113, 173, 225, 288, 344, 345, 396, 398, 460, 512, 513
Papers relative to the Negotiation with France - - - - - - - - - 226
Imperial Parliament, 173, 230, 289, 346, 399, 461, 514

MISCELLANIES.

Accounts from a Russian Squadron dispatched round the World - - - - 54
Account, an, of Leipsig Fair - - - - *ibid.*
———a Description of a Danish Island scarcely known by the generality of the Danes - - - - - - - - 116
———of the Trial and Execution of John Holloway and Owen Haggarty for the Murder of Mr. Steele - - - 295
Accident, the, that attended Lady Hood, on going on-board the Centaur, at Portsmouth - - - - - - - - - - 56
Anecdotes of Persons in High Life, 117, 118, 176, 294
Antiquities Discovered in Duntesbourne Abbots, in Gloucestershire - - - - 57
Artemisia Absinthium - - - - - - 119
Awful Event, an, in the Collegiate Church of Southwell - - - - - - - 404
Bust, the, of Sophocles - - - - - - 117
Burdett, Sir F. and Mr. Paull - - - - 462
Child, the, with Two Mothers - - - - 119
Cholmondeley, Miss, the Particulars of the dreadful Accident that attended her 56
Circumstance, a, no less Curious than Interesting to the Safety of almost every Family - - - - - - - - - - 403

Page

Cursier's (M.) Researches concerning Animals without Vertebræ, and the petrified Bones of Quadrupeds - - - - - - 55
Discovery, a, of the Heads and Horns of Animals of extraordinary Dimensions 178
Discoveries, new, relative to Chemical Affinities - - - - - - - - - - 55
Discoveries, extraordinary, recently made on the Coast, near Rosciliy - - - - 350
Dissertation on Coffee - - - - - - 402
Eccentric Verdict - - - - - - - - 403
Encouragement, an, for Poor Females to get Husbands - - - - - - - - - *ibid.*
Everlasting Prophecies from the Year 1521 to the End of the World - - - - - *ibid.*
How to make Cyder into Vinegar - - 119
How the making of Guns was discovered 403
Improvements in Carlton House - - - 402
Lacepede's, M. Remarks on the means of obtaining a better Knowledge of the Interior of Africa - - - - - - - - 53
Lady Virginia Murray and Miss Thorpe met with a very unpleasant Accident - 56
Lapland, result of Travels in - - - - 54
Ludlam's (Mr.) temporary Derangement 177
Majesty's (her) Birth-day - - - - - 256
Medical Notices - - - - - - - - 294
Mount Rosenberg, in Switzerland, detached from its Situation - - - - - - 54
Painting, the, of Ajax and Cassandre, by Teschbean - - - - - - - - - 116
Piece in fifteen Acts produced at Genoa - 116
Pieces of Silver discovered at Drontheim *ibid.*
Pig, a, with two Hearts - - - - - - 119
Preventative, a, against the Scarlet Fever, and other infectious Diseases - - - 350
Prize Medals distributed at the Royal Academy - - - - - - - - - - 177
Receipt for killing Rats - - - - - - 178
Remarkable produce of Potatoes - - - 57
Remarkable Instance of Sagacity and Love for the Human Species in a Dog - - 403
Remedy for a Sprain, by a German Physician - - - - - - - - - - - 350
Results of Experiments laid before the Hereford Agricultural Society - - - - 297
Sheep, a, killed by Ravens - - - - - 119
Shocking Murder - - - - - - - - 120
Size produced from Potatoes - - - - 297
Skeleton, a Human, dug up at Quarr Abbey, in the Isle of Wight - - - - - 350
Spindle shaped Spot, a, near the eastern Side of the Sun - - - - - - - - 297
Substitute for Tea, a cheap - - - - - *ibid.*
Substitute for Barm - - - - - - - 298
Summary Punishment for *Crim. Con.* - 403

	Page
To remove the Spots of Oil, Grease, and Tallow from any kind of Stuff	179
Topography, a, of Persia presented to the National Institute	55
Valuable Productions exhibited at the celebrated Gallery at Dresden	116
Water Casks, burnt into Charcoal, will keep the Water fresh and wholesome	*ibid.*
White Thorn, the	178
Wit, a, suggests a Monument to be erected to the Memory of Dr. Gall	54
Births, Marriages, Deaths, 57, 120, 179, 237, 298, 350, 402, 463, 520	

LE BEAU MONDE.

Anecdotes of Fashions	407
Court Dresses worn on Her Majesty's Birth-Day	238
Court Dresses worn on His Majesty's Birth-Day	518
Descriptions of Fashions from November 1806, to July 1807, 59, 122, 181, 239, 299, 353, 406, 464, 510	
Essay on High Life	351
——— Hunting	354
Fashionable Furniture	123
General Observations on Dress, 59, 122, 181 240, 241, 299, 300, 354, 406, 407, 464, 465	
Observations on Carriages	59, 123, 300
Introductory Essay	121
Letter on High Life	301
Majesty's (His) Birth-Day	517
Essay on Horse-Racing	409
Parisian Furniture	241
Princess of Wales' Court Dress	465
Remarks on Horse-Racing, &c.	466
Sporting Varieties, 60, 124, 183, 241, 302, 354, 521	

EMBELLISHMENTS IN VOL. I.

No. 1. Portrait of His Majesty; Fashions for Gentlemen; and a Fashionable Barouche Landau.

No. 2. ——— Prince of Wales; Fashions for Gentlemen; and a new Chariot.

No. 3. ——— Duke of Clarence; Court Dresses for Her Majesty's Birth-Day; and Fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen.

No. 4. ——— Duke of York; Fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen; and an elegant piece of Parisian Furniture; Madame Ricamier's Bed.

No. 5. ——— Late Duke of Gloucester; Fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen; and an elegant Curricle.

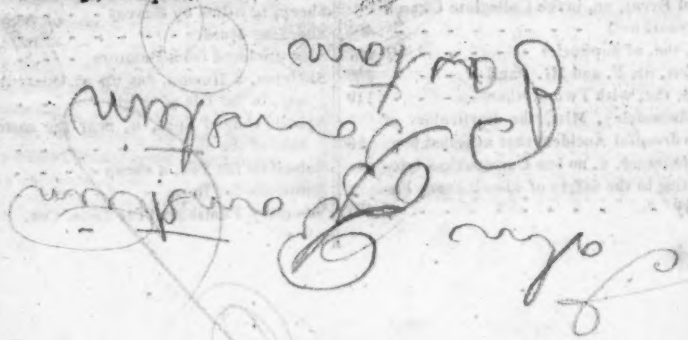
No. 6. ——— Duke of Kent; Fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen.

No. 7. ——— Duke of Sussex; Fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen.

No. 8. ——— Duke of Cumberland; Fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen; and an Original piece of French Music.

No. 9. ——— Duke of Gloucester; Fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen; and an Original piece of Music, by Corri, the Author of the Travellers.

SUPPLEMENT.

A Beautiful Emblematical Title Page, engraved by Scriven, from an original painting, by A. W. Devis, Esq.

A Monument to the Memory of Lord Nelson, to be erected in the Area of the New Exchange Buildings, Liverpool.